

"Love Is On The March In Hollywood" Silver Screen★

April

10c

Printed in England



Madeleine Carroll

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MAR 27 1938

A GREAT CLASSIC COMES TO LIFE
IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in THE

LITTLE PRINCESS

Shirley!... at last in
TECHNICOLOR



with
RICHARD GREENE
ANITA LOUISE
IAN HUNTER • CESAR ROMERO
ARTHUR TREACHER • MARY NASH
SYBIL JASON • MILES MANDER
MARCIA MAE JONES
Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris
Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

“Imagine...at 22 finding that
warning tinge of ‘pink’ on my tooth brush!”

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and
your teeth sparkling with **IPANA and MASSAGE**



WELL—why not? What made you believe you might be immune? That warning tinge of “pink” can happen to anyone. Subway guard or debutante, factory hand or millionaire, schoolgirl or athlete—“pink tooth brush” is no respecter of persons.

True, it's usually only a warning of lazy, tender, ailing gums—but a warning no sensible woman should ignore. Try it, and you're likely to find yourself headed for trouble—serious trouble for that sparkling smile.

Be smart. See your dentist and see him today. Let him put you on the right track—let him explain the helpful benefits of Ipana and massage.

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

Remember—“pink tooth brush” is only a warning. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will tell you yours is a case of lazy, tender gums—gums deprived of work by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest more exercise for your gums—and, often “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at any drug-gist's today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one sensible way to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more radiant smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your drug-gist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

And now I know you are going to be perfectly furious and fire me at once. While you've been slushing around in the snow and sneezing your nose off I have been having a breakdown in the desert among the date palms. Yeah, I can hear you raging now, "On my time, do you have to have a breakdown?" Well, yes. After months and months of "love lives" and "real truths" and Dorothy Lamour's sarongs you have no idea how a fan writer craves to get away from it all.

I always say what's good enough for Garbo is good enough for me, so I packed my bag with my slacks left over from my tennis lessons and my ski cap left over from Sun Valley, and dashed off for La Quinta (twenty miles from Palm Springs) and the smartest place in the desert, and you know me when it comes to smartness—smart about everything except clothes and money.

I was just about to treat my face, which is beginning to resemble a fine old piece of Florentine leather after six years in California sunshine, to a dose of sun tan oil (I don't know why I bother, I only get freckles anyway) when I heard the sound of voices, very familiar voices, and I realized that I would not have my breakdown alone. And we might just as well face it—what a relief that was!

Getting away from it all, and enjoying beautiful breakdowns, were Bette Davis, the Spencer Tracys, Miriam Hopkins, the Ronnie Colmans, the Ralph Byrds (Dick Tracy to the fans) and Una Merkel and her handsome husband, Ronnie Burla.

Spencer and his wife played frantic tennis every day and drove around to all the local rodeos—Spence is quite a guy for horseflesh you know.

Miriam has gone nuts on candid cameras and was all over the place grabbing action shots. Somewhere in between a bucking bronco and a steer roping she got a lovely action shot of me—lifting a glass from the table to my mouth. If it's any good I'll send you a dozen.

Una and Ronnie were celebrating their seventh wedding anniversary and poured champagne from five to seven. We lured Una out to the stables to see some calf roping by the local cowboys but she started crying and wouldn't look. (It doesn't hurt the calves really.) We found her later feeding fudge to a family of desert ants.

Bette got hit by a tennis ball and had a huge swelling on her head (but don't say I said she had a swelled head) and hardly had that bump gone down than she fairly knocked herself out with the telephone. She and I spent hours working out a system where we wouldn't have to act or write more than one day out of the month. All in all, I may say it turned out to be my most enjoyable breakdown.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MADELEINE CARROLL BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Sparkling with Gaiety, Romance

Stars, Musical Thrills!

ICE FOLLIES

OF 1939

starring **JOAN**

CRAWFORD

with **JAMES STEWART**

LEW AYRES • LEWIS STONE

An M-G-M Picture • Produced by Harry Rapf

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel • Screen

Play by Leonard Praskins, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf

THE ICE BALLET in Technicolor is magnificent, featuring Skating Stars of the INTERNATIONAL ICE FOLLIES including BESS ERHARDT, ROY and EDDIE SHIPSTAD and OSCAR JOHNSON



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall's, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (adv.)

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.



That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It's his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture *Pygmalion*.

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, Salesman.

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action...

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring", plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us!

"The Wizard of Oz," now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huck Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box T, Culver City, Cal.

Yes... Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".



Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film.

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

-Leo

TEST YOUR STAR KNOWLEDGE AND

Win A Prize!

Fill in the names of the stars referred to in the answer column at right.



Jean Parker and Gordon Oliver, in the Columbia picture "Romance of the Redwoods."

"Which star? Who was it?"

1. He went to Princeton. Has one of the largest assortment of hobbies of any actor in Hollywood. Although quiet and unassuming he is one of the most popular of the film city's bachelors.
2. Dublin is his birthplace. During the Irish revolution he enlisted as a dispatch carrier for Michael Collins, the patriot. He is an aviator and once owned his own plane.
3. For the first time in her career this lovely actress will play in a picture with her three sisters. She has the leading role.
4. He ran away from home when he was a boy. Has traveled all around the world and has been in burlesque, a circus side-show, vaudeville, movies and radio.
5. Imagine! She planned to be a school teacher but turned out to be a movie siren—1938 vintage.
6. Do you recognize him? He likes music and is especially fond of sketching and painting. He also enjoys working in his garden. But on the screen he is one of the most formidable villains.
7. A direct descendant of President Martin Van Buren, this well-known singer was once a telephone operator, reporter, copy reader and artist.
8. Several years ago a studio needed a child who looked enough like Ann Harding to play her daughter. This adolescent, whose parents were both stage performers, got the job. She achieved film success with her first brat role. Who is she?
9. As well as being a talented actor, he is a pianist of no mean ability and a composer of several popular hits. He is married to a famous star who looks gorgeous in Technicolor.
10. He was born in London. Divides his time between the stage and the screen. He is also a talented writer and has had some of his pieces published in leading magazines. Has just been cast for a prominent role in a much talked of film.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

Write A Letter To Accompany Your List Of Names, In Which You Explain: WHY I { LIKE DISLIKE } PICTURES MADE FROM BOOKS.

Below Is The Correct List Of Stars In Answer To The Questions In The First Contest In Our February Issue.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Claudette Colbert | 6. Grace Moore |
| 2. Tyrone Power | 7. Luise Rainer |
| 3. Irene Dunne | 8. Barbara Stanwyck |
| 4. Irene Castle | 9. Errol Flynn |
| 5. Lionel Barrymore | 10. Lewis Stone |

In addition to the correct list, Isabel M. Coleman of Stoystown, Pa., sent in the best letter, and the lady's watch has been forwarded to her.

TRY FOR THE PRIZE WATCH

THE prize is a Wittnauer watch which retails for \$25. The winner may select either a lady's or gentleman's watch. Be sure to specify which style you prefer. Do not neglect to write a letter on the subject given above, to accompany your list of stars. Write as briefly as possible.

CONDITIONS

1. There is one prize—a lady's or a man's wrist watch. The best letter on "Why I Like (Or Dislike) Pictures Made From Books," accompanying the list of stars' names that is nearest to correct, will be awarded the prize watch. Specify your choice.
2. Contest closes Mar. 29, 1939.
3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Address: STAR INFORMATION CONTEST, Silver Screen
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

heartbreak..!



The heartbreak of two young people in love...facing the world with song in their hearts. Laughter...melodrama...and Carole Lombard in a brilliant transition from comedienne to dramatic star!



Carole
LOMBARD · STEWART

Made for Each Other

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by Jo Swerling
Presented by Selznick International
Released thru United Artists

MILLIONS used by women everywhere... this Modern Method of Feminine Hygiene



Zonitors Are Greaseless Easy to Use... Dainty Snow-White • Antiseptic

PERHAPS you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic... and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12 individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3422, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product



Tips On Pictures

The scene from that delightful film, "The Mikado," in which Nanki-Poo (Kenny Baker) decides to marry Yum-Yum (Jean Colin).



BOY SLAVES—Interesting. If you're out for sheer entertainment steer clear of this eloquent "problem" film which pictures for you the tragic fate that befalls some of America's wandering boys. In this instance big business men utilize their services, paying them in scrip only acceptable at their own company stores. (Anne Shirley, Alan Baxter.)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—Interesting. Recommended to lovers of thrilling mystery stories. The background of this is auto-racing, and after three drivers are fatally injured in separate races it is time for some careful sleuthing to be done. (Dennis O'Keefe, Cecilia Parker, Charley Grapewin.)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—Amusing. The Cinderella theme is used to advantage once again in this gay and breezy yarn about a charming man about town who poses as a chauffeur in the home of the girl he loves, only to find himself doing a right-about-turn in favor of the scullery maid. (Franchot Tone, Rita Johnson, Franciska Gaal, Walter Connolly.)

GRAND ILLUSION—Excellent. This French film is superb screen literature, telling in the simplest possible way the thoughts and emotional reactions of a group of French soldiers sent to a German prison camp during the World War. The English titles make it very understandable, and in the cast you will find that old silent film favorite, Eric von Stroheim.

HEART OF PARIS—Excellent. An unusual theme is presented in a touchingly naive fashion in this French language film, in which a soft-hearted middle-class gentleman, after serving on the jury at a famous murder trial, takes the acquitted murderess, a friendless girl of 18, into his own home while keeping her identity a secret from his wife and son. (Michele Morgan-Riamu.)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Fair. The Lone Wolf comes back very much subdued. In fact, he's on the side of law and order in this spy ring yarn, the action of which takes place in Washington. The insertion of screwball comedy

Films To See— One For Every Mood.

as an antidote for the highly dramatic incidents provides rather weak entertainment. (Warren William-Ida Lupino.)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—Good. One of the better "Moto" mystery yarns, this boasts the inclusion of Ricardo Cortez, George Sanders and John Carradine in a cast headed, as usual, by the naive Peter Lorre. British politics are played here against a colorful Egyptian background, and the action is fast-paced and fairly plausible. (Virginia Field.)

MIKADO, THE—Excellent. No true lover of Gilbert & Sullivan's tuneful tales will want to miss this film version of their most delightful satire. Newcomers to the fold will find themselves going through a charming initiation. Done in technicolor, with almost all the principle roles culled straight from the famous D'Oyly Carte company, it is a treat to the eye and ear. However, the role of Nanki-Poo is played, and well, too, by our own Kenny Baker.

MYSTERIOUS MISS X, THE—Good. A screwball "whodunit" that will keep you amused throughout. Michael Whalen and Chick Chandler are a couple of down and out vaudevillians who get mistaken for a pair of Scotland Yard sleuths. To his own amazement Whalen solves the murder in question, with the hilarious assistance of Chick, Mabel Todd and Mary Hart.

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Good. This should be satisfactory film fare on a dual program. James Dunn is at his best as a wise-cracking ex-Annapolis speedboat demon whose services are commandeered by the navy once again when they start building a new torpedo boat. Written for comedy, this should supply a few spontaneous laughs. (Rochelle Hudson.)

PROFESSOR MAMLOCK—Splendid. From Russia comes this vital, courageous and sincere film which dares to tell in dramatic, and almost heart-breaking fash-

ion the cancerous effect of the rise of the Nazi party in Germany in 1933. The acting is admirable, and the English titles make it simple for you to follow the story.

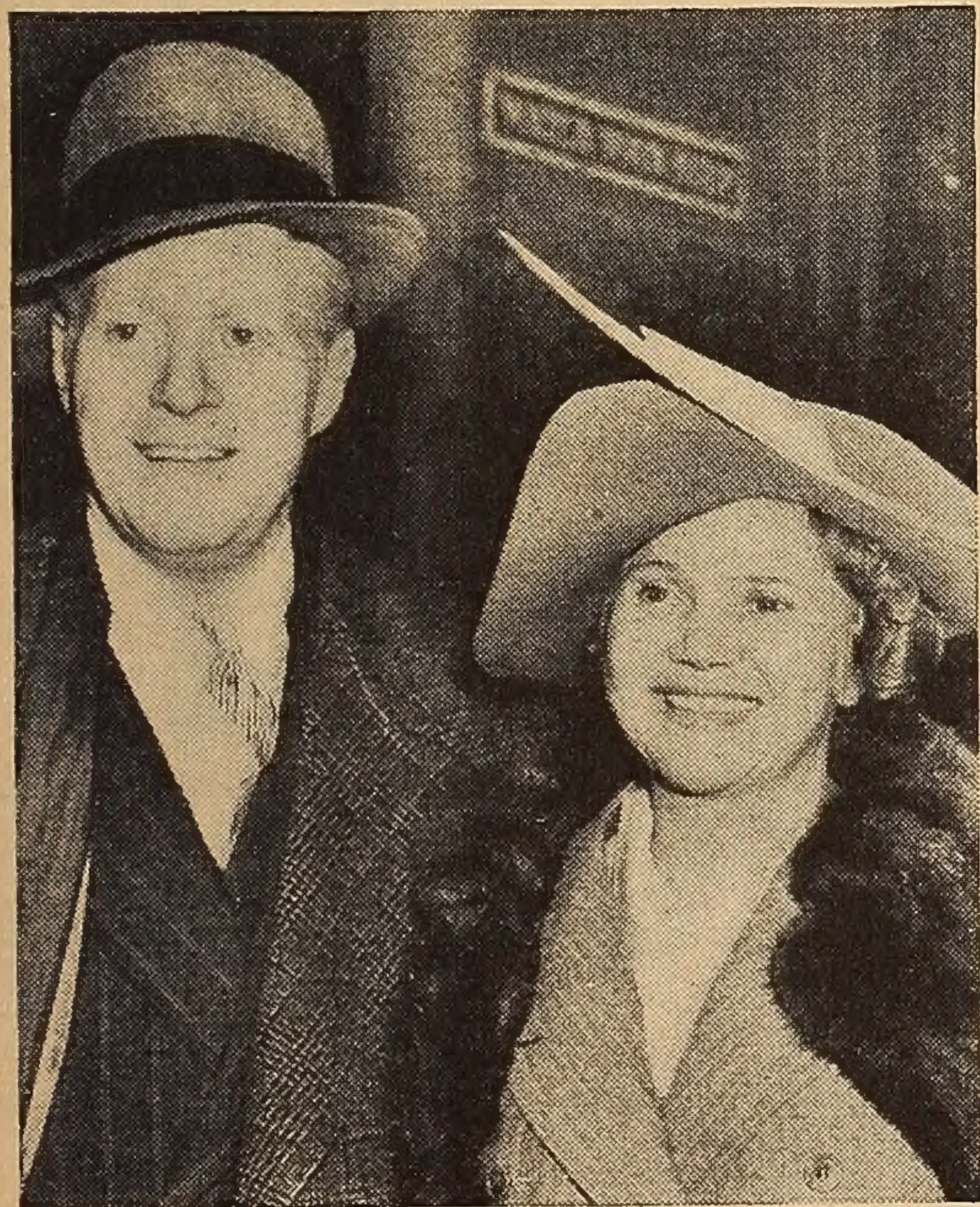
SONG OF THE BUCKAROO—Fair. A western with a number of catchy songs put over by Tex Ritter, the singing cowboy. Tex plays a sort of modern Robin Hood who does right by little Mary Ruth, the orphan daughter of the man whose identity he assumes. And Mary Ruth, by the way, besides being pretty and quite charming, plays the piano with great skill. Children will love this.

STAND UP AND FIGHT—Fine. A robust tale of pre-Civil War days concerning the ousting of a famous stage-coach line in the South in favor of the new railroad, and starring, of all people, romantic Robert Taylor! Bob's chief foe is lusty Wally Beery and the fights between them are fast and furious. The love interest, what there is of it, is supplied by Florence Rice.

WHISPERING ENEMIES—Interesting. Showing to what lengths whispering campaigns can go, and what harm they can do, whether in politics or when attacking commercial industry. Here we have Dolores Costello and Jack Holt as rival cosmetic manufacturers, and the story involving them both practically x-rays the unpleasant racket of the whispering campaigns.

WOMEN IN THE WIND—Good. This, as you no doubt have guessed, is a story of women in aviation, but it also contains a funny twist on the "Douglas Corrigan" flight. In fact, the entire yarn is a rib on transatlantic fliers, both male and female. Cast includes Wm. Gargan, Victor Jory and Maxie Rosenbloom.

ZAZA—Good. In which a very charming, vivacious French music hall artist of the Gay Nineties falls in love with a wealthy married aristocrat and, upon learning about his child, decides to do a noble fade-out. Old-fashioned stuff, of course, but Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall do much to give it the substance of life, in spite of the censors. The settings are really quite beautiful.



Wide World

Nelson Eddy and his bride. Just married and so happy that they are touring the country with song in their hearts—at so much per concert!

GO TO SLEEP, MARY THAT PHONE WON'T RING TONIGHT



No dates for the girl with underarm odor Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM

NO ONE called her yesterday—surely *some one* will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring... tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of *underarm odor*. She forgets that *in spite of her bath*, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps underarms sweet, your popularity safe. More women use Mum than any

other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so safe, so utterly dependable.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. And even after underarm shaving, notice how Mum actually soothes the skin.

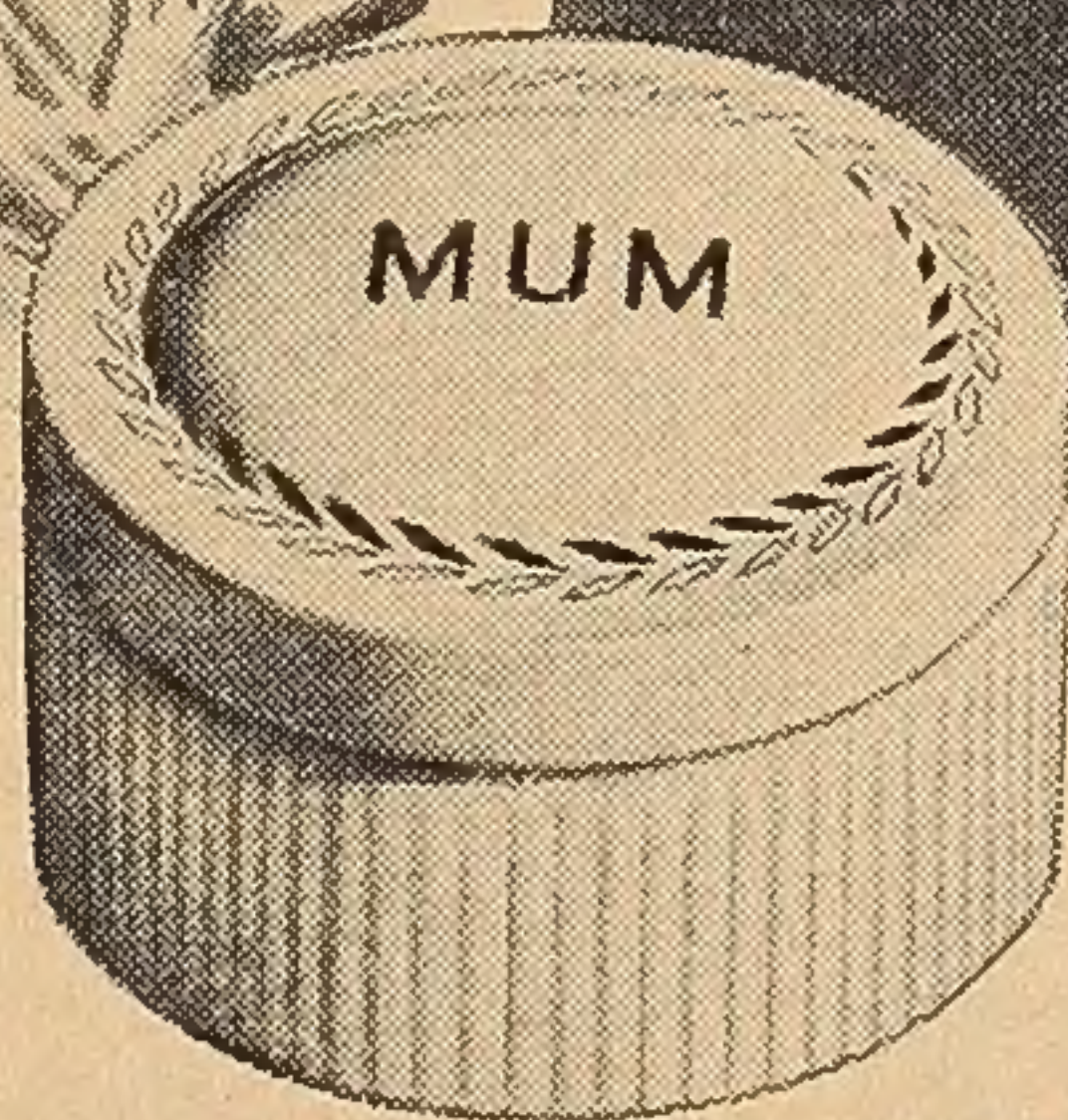
MUM IS QUICK! In thirty seconds you're through. Yet this fragrant cream protects *all day*.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms *daily* care and be truly lovely, attractive.

BE SURE OF YOUR CHARM—USE MUM!



On Sanitary Napkins
Avoid danger of embarrassment! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because Mum is gentle, safe!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Bothered by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



2. YOU SLEEP through the night... *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.



3. THE NEXT morning Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and *effectively*. It works so gently that, except for the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Veins, Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. D-34, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FREE BOOKLET

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



**STRONGER
MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES**

Headfirst in Beauty



By
**Mary
Lee**

Lovely Arleen Whalen is a real red-head.

Beautiful Hair Is A Matter Of Simple But Persistent Care.

A SWEEP of gold that looks like a splash of sunshine; the warm, burnished copper tone of auburn curls, or the satiny sheen of truly black hair. These you sometimes see, piled high, in a soft young bob or smartly coiffed into rolls and curls with that "just from the hairdresser" look. Such heads always create admiration and often remind us that we should do something to make our hair look this way. And we can, for of all our various good looks points, nothing seems to respond more quickly to corrective measures than hair.

Recently, I talked with Arleen Whalen, young, lovely, and a real red-head. Perhaps you saw her in "Kidnapped" or "Thanks For Everything," and perhaps you had the impression of a brunette, for red hair usually photographs dark. But Arleen has every sign of the Titian; hair vibrant with sparkle and color; eyes of a deep hazel-gray, that seem blue, green, topaz or gray, according to background and costume color. Wonderful eyes, these, for they are changeable. Fair, milky skin with a sprinkling of light freckles, which Arleen says pop out alarmingly at the touch of warm sun. Long, lighter lashes and brows, which with a little accent become glamorous. Like so many of the younger players and stars, too, Arleen meets her own beauty problems and does for herself. Brown are the brows, dark brown or black the lashes, a deeper tone than brows. A faint brown eye shadow, no rouge, because her cheeks are naturally pink, and a real red or slightly orange lipstick. Finger and toe lacquer are of the same shade as her lipstick.

Arleen shampoos those shining tresses once a week, and once a month or so applies hot oil to her scalp. She also applies her hair brush with vigor, as that hair shows. She wears it parted in the middle, the end in a soft young bob. The ends are slightly permanently waved to give body, but the front hair she waves herself by separating the hair into strands, dampening, and twisting about her finger, as you've seen your hairdresser do. Arleen thinks this gives a softer, more manageable curl than rolling upward from the ends in sausage manner. When the flat curl is made, it is caught with an invisible hair pin, left until dry, then combed as you want it.

One of Arleen's passions is perfume. She has so many bottles and they disappear so fast, she says her mother thinks she drinks it. Arleen's secret of success so far, she thinks, is niceness. By that she means pleasantness, understanding, helpfulness and the other graces that attract. A less modest person might admit that success in this case is undoubtedly due to dramatic ability, beauty, youth, good disposition and a fine sense of co-operative-ness.

Take a lesson in hair beauty from Arleen. Arm yourself with a good shampoo, for cleanliness in hair, as elsewhere, is the first step toward beauty. A good hair brush is a necessity, too, for exercising, polishing and cleaning the hair.

[Continued on page 64]

IRENE DUNNE • CHARLES BOYER
in

"LOVE AFFAIR"

with MARIA OUSPENSKAYA, LEE BOWMAN
ASTRID ALLWYN, MAURICE MOSCOVICH
Produced and Directed by LEO McCAREY
SCREEN PLAY BY DELMER DAVES AND DONALD OGDEN STEWART
RKO RADIO PICTURE

you . . .

yourself . . .

. . . live their

"LOVE AFFAIR"



Out of the directorial genius of Leo McCarey, Academy Award Winner and producer of "The Awful Truth," now flames a dramatic romance to take its place among the screen's great attractions! . . . Irene Dunne, ravishingly gowned in fashion's most coveted creations, as kissable *Terry McKay*, girl of Park Avenue . . . Charles Boyer, handsome, suave, as *Michel Marnay*, international heartbreaker—brought together by a love that stormed all defenses . . . Drama—rich, warm, human, yet gay as love can sometimes be! . . . SEE IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN!

LETTERS SUBMITTED

IN THE JANUARY

"Letters of Criticism Contest"

The Following Have
Been Awarded

HONORABLE MENTION

(\$5 Paid For Every Letter Printed)

Dear Contest Editor:

The play may be the thing, but after all it is the actor who makes the play successful.

I just saw a return showing of "Holiday" and in this film Lew Ayres proves this by stealing the picture with a "stooge role." He is one actor who creates living people on the screen. This role could so easily have been ludicrous in less capable hands. But Lew, as a wobbly, bleary eyed drunk gives a convincing, commanding portrayal, and he does this without benefit of script or dialogue.

Just as I shall never forget the sublime moment in "All Quiet on the Western Front" when Lew reaches for that lovely butterfly, while on duty in the trenches, just so I shall never forget this "Gem" of acting in "Holiday."

Do the producers appreciate what a "Gem" they have in Lew Ayres? I wonder!

Sincerely,
Mrs. June Hoffman
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Silver Screen:

In "Men With Wings," a cavalcade of aviation, the "bomber" that was used as the final effort of the Falconer Company to recoup its fortune is not and never has been classified as a bomber.

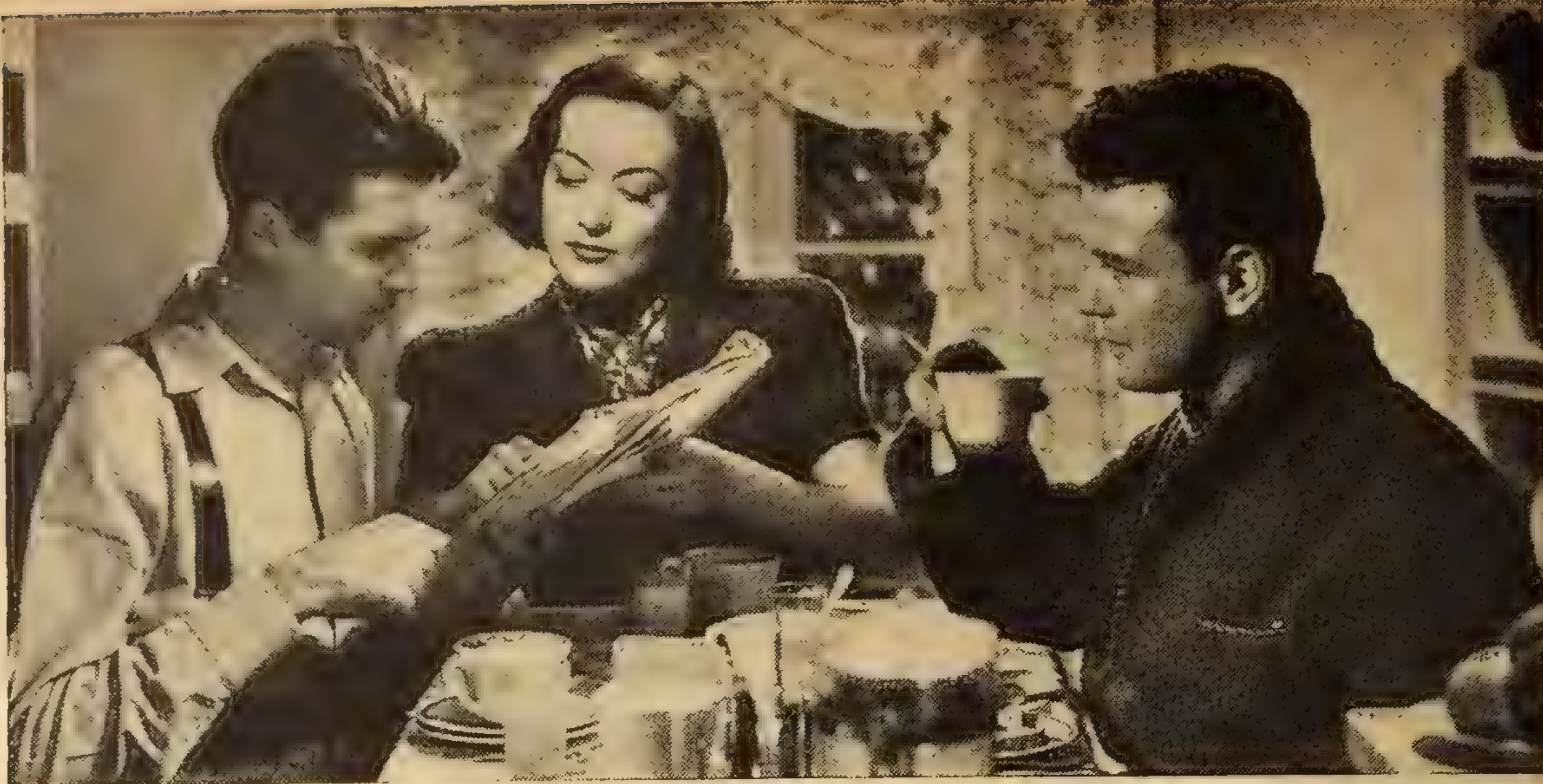
It is a Boeing 247 Transport.

If the inventor supposedly designed a fast, modern bomber, why misrepresent it?

Errors similar to this occur in almost every epic of the air. One scene will show a tri-motor ship leaving the ground, yet close-ups will be of a two-motored job.

A few years ago the movies could pull stuff like this but today there are too many aviation enthusiasts, both young and old, who know the difference and they're hard to fool.

Hazel M. Cross
Pueblo, Colo.



James Stewart, Joan Crawford and Lew Ayres are together in "Ice Follies" and rehearse their dialogue while eating lunch.

Gentlemen:

I saw a splendid picture that sent me into ecstasies never before experienced, with a beauty that thrilled my aesthetic soul, with music that was magnificent—a picture that makes an unforgettable impression: The Great Waltz! Miliza Korjus touched my heart with her exquisite voice! Her beauty is remarkable! She enriched every act—embellished every scene with a sparkle that scintillated.

I became one of those street people—I sang The Blue Danube—I danced to Strauss' music—completely fascinated, I was entranced, returning five times to see the same picture. Only the last scene was superfluous—a realistic touch maybe—but it took away rather than added to this wonderful picture.

For me, the picture ended when Miliza gave Rainer back her husband. Only one mistake in an otherwise beautifully produced, superbly acted, magnificently costumed and artistically real picture—The Great Waltz!

Marie Weller, R.N.
Ocean Park, Calif.

Gentlemen:

The tremendous success of Hedy Lamarr has proven again that fans like excitement, glamour and mystery in their screen stars.

In the old days (I am almost tempted to say Good old days) of Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Nita Naldi, et al., we had excitement, we had something to talk about. Temperament was a torch to set off millions of nerves tingling with expectation. Whether it was true or not, temperament, you must admit, was good copy.

Today, with stars so anxious to be pictured like Mary Jones or Tom Smith, plain, simple people, the fans have lost some of that hushed reverence they had for stars, the kind of adulation that made and kept great names.

We like our stars to be different. We don't want them to be like us. They must have some outstanding characteristic that we would love to indulge in, but can't afford to, or don't dare to.

Oh, for the good old days (there, I've

said it and I mean it) when a star name meant more than just a picture personality.

Sincerely,
Mrs. P. Josephs,
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It's how you feel and what you think after seeing a picture that is the real barometer of that particular film and after seeing "If I Were King" I felt depressed and glad to get away from the confusion. I wondered why so much superb acting had been wasted on such a gruesome story. It was advertised as a grand screen romance, so I expected just that—what did I get—very little romance, a lot of watchful apprehension, misleading historical facts, and what would have been adventurous glamour was lost in scenes of hideous violence.

Distress and starvation among our people today should be brought to our attention but why depress us with starving people of long ago.

Please give us music, romance, and humor in stories of present every-day living. "If I Were King" was truly a man's picture and should have been advertised as such.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Bertha Crozier
Victoria, Ill.

Sir:

I go to the silver screenings for entertainment. When I pay my 42 cents I want to be taken away from present day surroundings into a land of adventure and romance. That is why I liked "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

I also like to laugh and somehow I am happiest when I am laughing at something that would make me mad if it happened to me. That is the reason I enjoyed "Bringing Up Baby" and "True Confession."

I do not like scenes where the heroine is smacked on the jaw regardless of how badly she needed it. I want my actresses either humorous or glamorous, but always shapely.

Sincerely yours,
Wesley S. Bird
Columbus, Ohio

**EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED
TO PLAY THIS ROLE!**

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in “Dark Victory.” Not a “character” part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it’s her greatest screen performance.

Warner Bros.

**BETTE DAVIS in
“DARK VICTORY”**

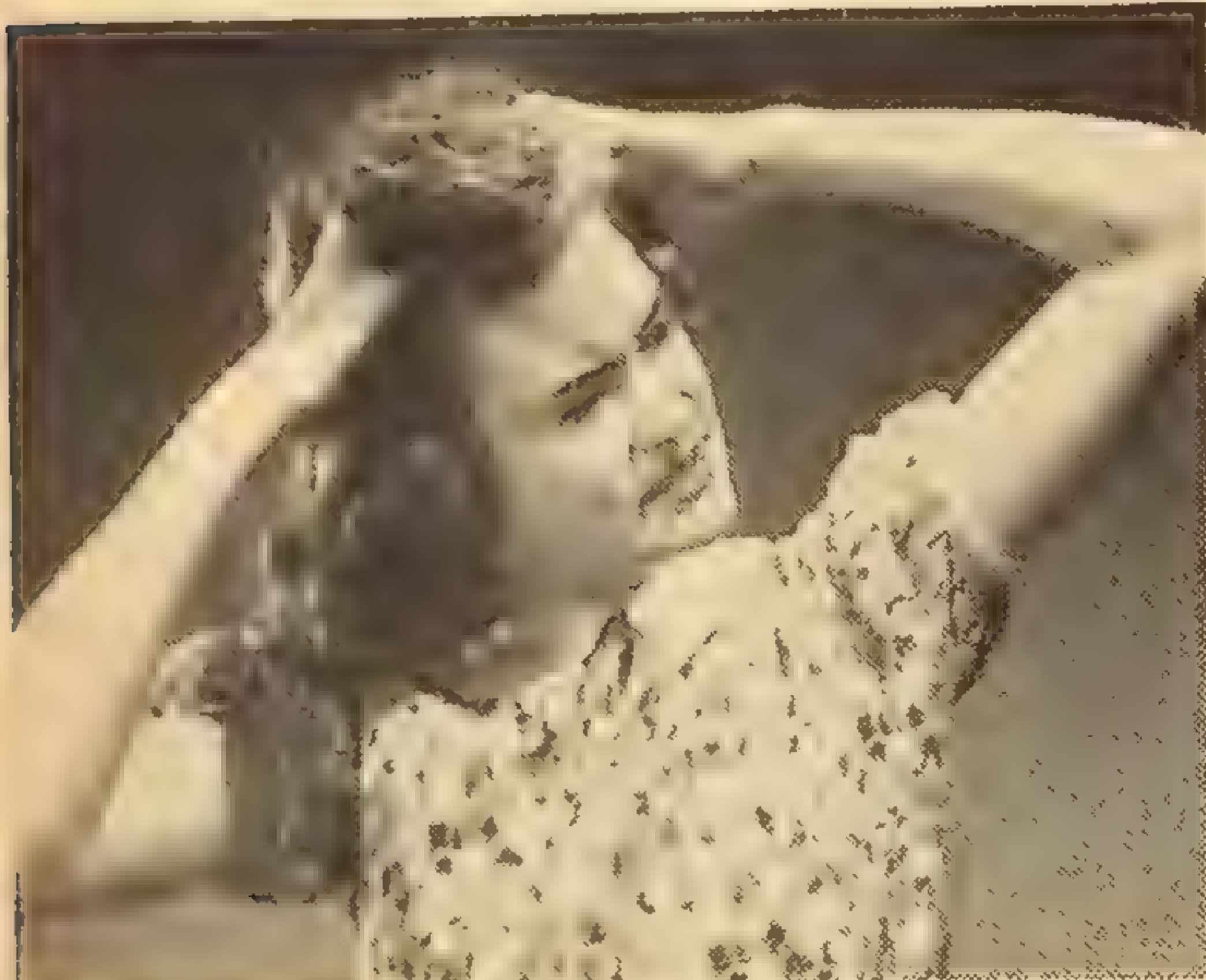
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by
George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.



Listerine cured my daughter's dandruff in ten days

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER—Little Neck, N.Y.

Posed by professional models



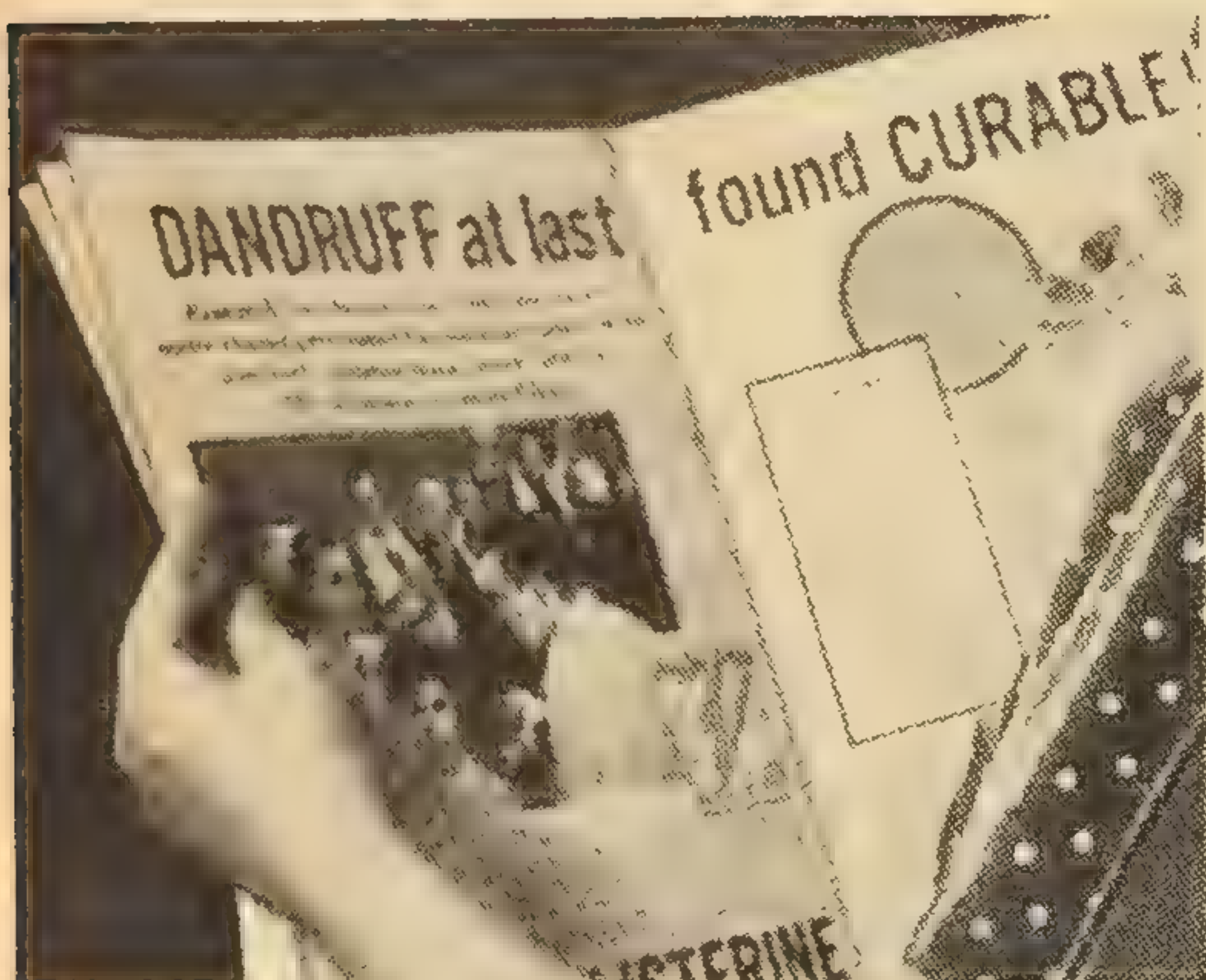
My teen age daughter had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable.



I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it.



Then in a magazine I saw an ad telling how Listerine cures dandruff.



I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved Listerine kills the dandruff germ.



I tried Listerine applying it daily to her scalp with little bits of cotton



In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. And she hasn't had a sign of dandruff since.

Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that dandruff is a germ disease. And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ—Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within two weeks, on the average, a substantial number had ob-

tained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE

the PROVED treatment for dandruff

SILVER SCREEN



SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossips

CLARK GABLE has about decided to wear a thin upper lip mustache with waxed ends for his role of Rhett Butler. His idea was to wear all black throughout the picture but he was talked out of it because the picture will be done in color—so he has compromised on grays and blues.

MARY ASTOR and her husband, Manuel del Campo, are making arrangements for the arrival of the stork in July. "I'm announcing it early," says Mary, "because all the separation rumors about Mike and myself are cropping up again. There isn't another couple in this town happier than we are."

ONCE a week Connie Bennett employs a French secretary to write letters to her fans and friends along the Riviera and St. Moritz. Over fifty percent of her fan mail comes from French speaking countries. Connie, by the way, has postponed her trip to France until summer but she and the Marquis de la Falaise have completed plans for their divorce via the long distance telephone. It's a safe bet that she will marry the very handsome Gilbert Roland when the divorce becomes effective.

HER romance with Tyrone Power has certainly given new life to Annabella's waning movie career. She has just been signed for two more films at Twentieth Century. Where Ty goes these days, whether it's to South America for a vacation or to San Francisco to address the Infantile Paralysis drive, along goes Annabella. But Annabella is the one topic that Ty won't talk about—closes up like a clam if you even mention her name. Will they marry? Your guess is as good as ours. Ty has been head over heels in love before—remember Sonja Henie and Janet Gaynor—and so, for that matter, has Annabella.

THERE hasn't been a *real* gentleman in Hollywood in so long that all the secretaries over at Sam Goldwyn's studio are quite fussed. It seems that Jimmy Roosevelt has a habit of rising when they enter his office and of seeing that they are comfortably seated. Executives were never like that before.

AND speaking of the popular Jimmy Roosevelt, Bob Riskin's remark upon meeting him for the first time is quite the best. Said Bob, "It's a great pleasure to meet a man coming

It is really a scene from the RKO-Radio picture, "The Pure in Mind." Roger Daniel, James McCallion, Arthur Hohl and Frank O'Connor. Pardon the liberties taken—we fear it never happened.

into the business *with* ulcers." Heaven only knows plenty of them leave the business with ulcers.

"DO COME to the set this afternoon." Bette Davis, looking perfectly marvelous in her Empress Carlotta black wig, said to us in the Warner Brothers restaurant the other day. "I am going completely mad."

Well, after all when a grand actress like Bette decides to go mad, we are sure that poor harassed Carlotta herself couldn't do a better job of it, so we could hardly wait to skip over to the "Juarez" set. We're telling you we have never heard or seen anything so thrillingly magnificent as the way Bette did the scene—when the picture is released it will be the most talked of thing in Hollywood for years. We were so thrilled our blood went cold.

We didn't think we would have the nerve ever again to speak to such a great artiste. But imagine our horror when, at the end of the "take," the Empress Carlotta in all her regality swooped across the set to her mother who was sitting there and demanded, "What are you having for dinner tonight?" "Lamb stew," said Mrs. Davis. "Lamb stew!" shrieked Carlotta. "You know I don't like lamb stew. Why did you invite me to dinner when you are having lamb stew? I won't eat lamb stew." "All right, all right," said Mrs. Davis affably, "I'll stop at the butcher's and get a steak." That's the trouble with great artistes—they're always getting mixed up with lamb stews and steaks.

RETURNING from his recent trip to New York the first thing Robert Taylor did, after reporting to his studio, was to dash over to Paramount to see Barbara Stanwyck on the "Union Pacific" set. Everything points to an early marriage between those two, though as yet they haven't said yes and they haven't said no. But Barbara has put her share of the Marwyck Ranch on sale and is willing to sell house, stables, and the tennis court that Bob gave her on her birthday, at a big sacrifice. Bob sold his twenty-eight acre estate in Northridge and is buying a hundred and sixty acre ranch near Cratsworth—so it looks like those two were fixing to merge, and soon too. But, of course, we *don't know nothin'*.

Hedy Lamarr and the

Angry Blondes!



THE blondes, the redheads, and the slightly hennaed were certainly having a romp for themselves here in Hollywood until Hedy Lamarr came along. The girls just about had the allure market cornered, and wherever you found million dollar productions, upper bracket directors, champagne cocktails, white ties, lights, laughter and Tyrone Power you found blondes. There's something about a blonde with an orchid and an ermine coat that's the last word in glamour, or so Hollywood thought. A brunette, poor dear, simply wasn't tapped for Phi Beta Glamour.

Of course the blondes had a pretty time of it vying among themselves as to exactly who was the Queen of Glamour—some said Joan Crawford, some said Marlene Dietrich, some said Carole Lombard, some said Madeleine Carroll, some said Bette

Spencer Tracy and Three-Alarm-Hedy in "I Take This Woman." Spencer went up in smoke.

Davis, some said Joan Bennett, some said Virginia Bruce, and some, but not many, had sense enough not to say anything at all.

Well, the vying came to an abrupt end one warm night in June when "Algiers" was previewed at the Fox Wilshire on Wilshire Boulevard, in the city of angels, with dirty faces, and that's not all. Hollywood went to the preview to see what Walter Wanger had done to the famous French film, "Pepe le Moko," but they came away drooling over Hedy Lamarr.

When Hedy, up there in the native quarter with Mr. Boyer, leaned back and a mysterious shadow played over her eyes, practically the entire audience swooned. There hadn't been so much beauty, mystery and allure around in ages. Well, that night she grabbed the title of Queen of Glamour, and there were none to say, except a few die-hards who wouldn't even give their own mothers an even break, that she didn't deserve it.

And now it's the brunettes who are on top! They're having everything their way, while the poor blondes burn. The best picture plum of the year—the long discussed Scarlet O'Hara—has just been given to a brunette, Vivien Leigh, who with careful photography will resemble very much a certain Miss Hedy Lamarr. (Don't tell me that the Selznick gang didn't think about that.)

Paramount very recently signed a promising young New York actress, Patricia Morrison, to a long term contract. It may be coincidence of course, but Miss Morrison is a brunette who parts her hair in the middle, and with careful photography . . .!

Joan Bennett donned a Lamarr wig for her part in "Trade Winds" and was so pleased when people told her that she looked like Hedy that now she is planning to dye her hair black. Joan Crawford wears a brunette wig in "Ice Follies" and ditto Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade." Bette Davis, as the mad Carlotta in "Juarez," has a perfect excuse for wearing a black wig, which, incidentally, makes her look like a million dollars.

Well, all I've got to say is that if you look like Hedy Lamarr, run, don't walk, to the nearest talent scout. Hedy hasn't yelled "copy cats" yet—but don't think she hasn't noticed!

What about this girl who has upset so completely the color scheme in Hollywood? Whose magic gift of beauty has given movie standards a good kicking around? Who has made gentlemen prefer brunettes? What about her? Well, gather around and I'll tell you about Miss Hedy. Confidentially, it wasn't exactly a case of pretty is as pretty does. There were a couple of times there when our Hedy didn't do so pretty.

The Number One Glamour Girl of Hollywood (and it makes Hedy awfully mad to be called glamorous) was born in Vienna, which was busy fighting and not waltzing at the time, the ninth of November, 1915, under the sign of Scorpio—and that might have something to do with the fact that she is a pushover for astrology and numerology. (If the numbers don't add up right in the morning she simply stays in bed, which isn't a bad idea.)

She was the only child of Emil and Gertrude Keisler who were utterly convinced, and quite rightly, that their little Hedwig was the prettiest, sweetest baby [Continued on page 72]

**Brunette Wigs Are At A Premium In Picture Studios,
But Hedy Has Something The Wig Makers Do Not Sell.**

**By
Elizabeth
Wilson**





Gracie Fields, who rolls them in the British aisles, looks over the relics of prohibition.



Sally Eilers and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy. As pretty as a picture in Technicolor!



James Cagney and his wife take their sarsaparilla at the El Morocco bar.

What goes on here? Bruce Cabot tilting the flagon of java.

Zooming with Zerbe

At The Ritzy Rendezvous The Pets Of The Public Never Relax—Not While Jerome Zerbe Is Flashshotting About.

THE usual group of youthful autograph hounds were huddled outside the stage door of the Belasco Theatre where "The Gentle People" is playing. It was sharp and cold and the kids were slapping their hands to keep warm. A young woman, her fur collar up around her face, hurried by and into the theatre almost too fast to hear the plaintive appeal of one youngster, "Oh, please, Lady, won't you get Franchot Tone's autograph for me?" The young lady he hadn't recognized was Sylvia Sidney, who co-stars in the play.

Upstairs, in his dressing room, Franchot Tone was putting on his make-up completely oblivious of a large and much darned hole in the back of his shirt.

Tone likes playing the gangster part in the play, and it certainly is a new departure for him.

At luncheon at "21" that same day my companion said: "Over there is the woman who makes the most money in the movie industry," and I turned expecting a Dietrich no less, only to find a friendly, pleasant face I'd never seen before. "But who in the name of Allah is she?" I queried. I was quickly told it was Gracie Fields, the English com-

edienne, who has the biggest following in the British Empire.

Later on I had the privilege of meeting her and liked her quiet, natural and unaffected manner. She looked around the room filled with beautifully dressed women in expensive furs and silly slap-happy hats and said: "These swank places aren't my type. Why, do you know, although I've lived in London all my life I'd never been to the Savoy until two years ago—and then an American took me?" Bob Kriendler, the genial part owner of "21" took Miss Fields and showed her all the secret doors and sliding panels that make the restaurant an historical memento of prohibition days, so happily past.

Sonja Henie, that diminutive phenomenon of the ice, must have unbounded energy, for three nights running I saw her out on the town after her exhausting show at Madison Square Garden. Where most stars never mingle with their company La Henie was always surrounded by them, and entertaining for them.





Philip Reed and Sonja Henie. She loves to dance even after two skating exhibitions at Madison Square Garden—where they were crowded to the rafters. Sonja makes so much money they'll probably build a new navy with her tax money.

Philip Reed is just back after making four pictures in England and has taken a charming apartment at 100 Riverside Drive. The afternoon I went over to see him I complained about his mustache being unbecoming and much to my amazement he went in and shaved it off.

Edward G. Robinson, who owns one of the most important collections of modern paintings in America, was in New York for pleasure as well as radio work. I saw him several times at El Morocco, once with Miriam Hopkins' husband, Anatole Litvak, and also at the "Big Town" rehearsal at the Columbia Studio, where I'd gone to see Claire Trevor.

I didn't recognize Dick Powell at first. I don't know why, perhaps because he looks so youthful in real life. He was having a grand time with his sister-in-law, Gloria Blondell, whom many people mistook for Joan. Dick Powell is one of the most regular guys in the business and certainly one of the most popular.

One somehow never associates the James Cagneys with night clubs, so I was rather surprised to catch them at El Morocco's bar one evening about nine. They were meeting friends there for dinner and apparently must have had a good time, because when I left the place at three-thirty A.M., they were still comfortably seated at a side table and surrounded by friends and admirers. Fond as the Cagneys are of Hollywood their real love is their summer home at Martha's Vineyard.



Rehearsing for an evening broadcast—Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor. (He's lost the point of the joke!)



Gloria Blondell and her brother-in-law, Dick Powell.



Alas, the poor actor. Franchot Tone fixing his hair-do.

Every Actor Leads Three Lives



Charles Boyer
before his public.

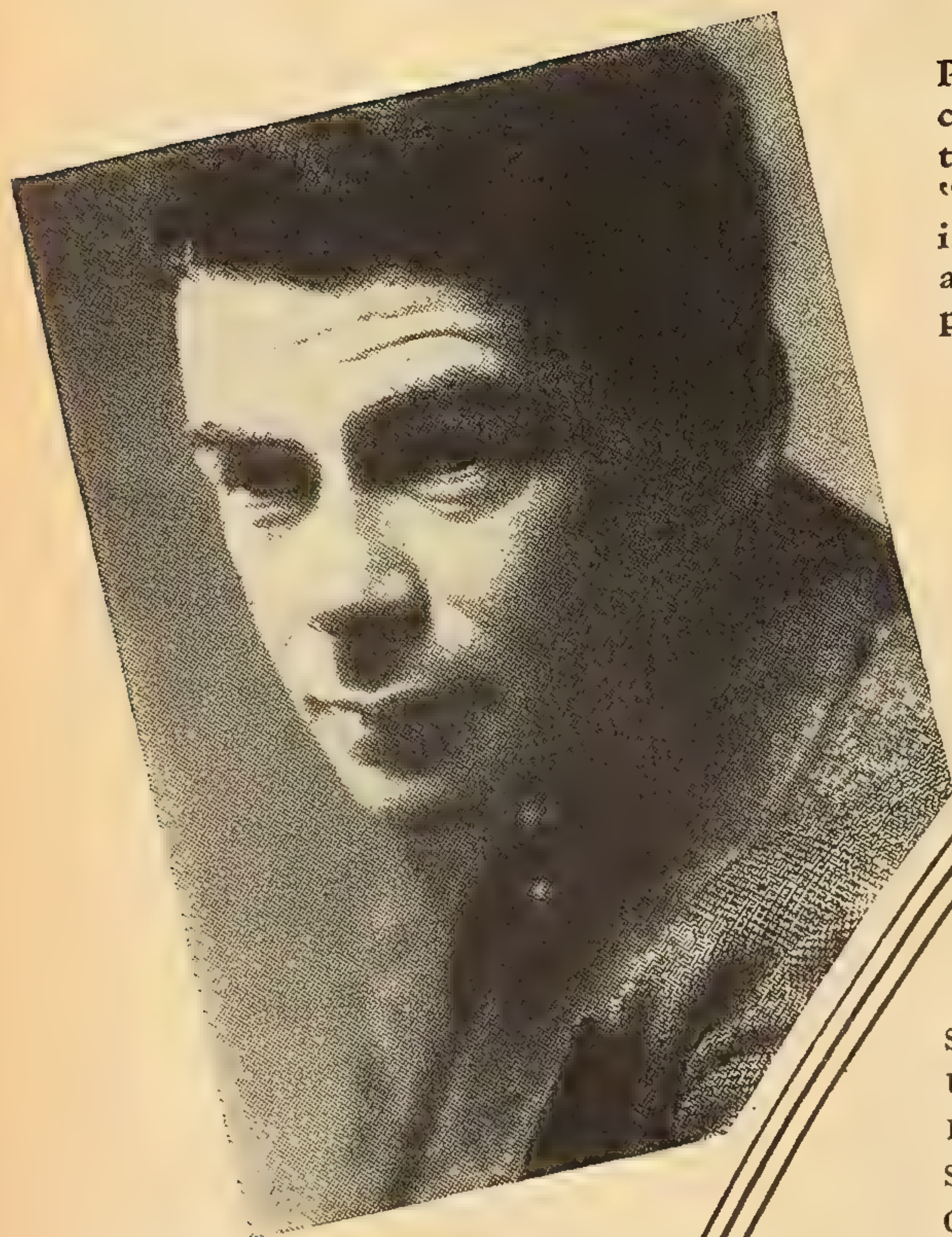


A scene from "Love Affair." Irene Dunne with Charles Boyer. Gone are his worries—at work he enjoys the freedom of the artist.

*Man, Figure-
and Artist*



Paul Muni in costume. Between takes "character" is forgotten and sleep suspends all pretence.



He is so completely an actor that even the portrait camera cannot disturb the personality that has taken possession of Paul Muni.

the attention of this article.

To the performer, it is this professional phase of his

life that is of the greatest importance, because he or she is judged by the public only on what he or she does on the screen. The public may excuse and condone divorce, money rows with agents, income tax difficulties with the government and screwball antics that land a performer on Page 1, but the public will accept no excuse for a bad performance. So it is at the studio that a player must hit on all six cylinders at all times, because once a picture is completed, and has reached the distribution exchanges, there is nothing that a player can do to alter it. He must sink or swim, fall or rise on the scenes he played out before the camera. The box-office result then is the only answer and the only verdict. No alibis can stand up against it.

The Zero Hours of a star's life are those repeated moments when the cameras start rolling. At this moment, everything else retreats from the picture—press clippings, studio publicity, past performances. You can liken it to that tense moment in the ring when the seconds of the fighters withdraw and the fighters are left alone, waiting for the bell. A star, when the camera starts rolling, is in exactly the same position. Like the fighter, the

DR. JEKYLL and Mister Hyde only had to live two lives, and the necessity of leading a double-barreled existence caused him no end of trouble. Yet has it ever occurred to you that the movie

star, while lacking the fangs of this fabulous composite of normalcy and abnormalcy, must lead three lives? It's a fact. A star leads his public life, which is a series of postures before photographers, interviewers and fans. Then, secondly, he leads his private life, in which he adjusts himself to his domestic problems. Third, he must lead his professional life before the cameras and it is this facet of a star's triple-divided existence that commands

head

Spencer Tracy —
the inscrutable.
His publicity face.

At Home He Is Just A Man.
Before The Crowding
People He Is Quite Another
Person. Most Important Of
The Three Is The Life He
Lives Before The Cameras,
For These Moments May
Live Forever.

By Ed Sullivan

Spencer,
the artist.

star now must "lay it on the line" with no outside help. Experience and training are his greatest assets at this moment, for the "know how" comes only from experience. Beyond and above that "savvy" however is another item, quite indescribable, which is the hallmark of a star. As the camera starts grinding, inside its blimp cover that prevents the noise of the machine from reaching the sound tracks, a performer who is marked with greatness will instinctively turn in his finest performance. The rehearsals may have been slipshod, but when the director says: "This is a take," the performer turns on all the faucets. Nobody ever has been able to define that ability of a performer to measure up to his best, when the best is imperative. The reason that it's difficult to explain is because it is something innate, a talent, a slice of genius. As well try to explain why Babe Ruth always was at his best in a World Series game, why Bobby Jones was at his superlative best when he had to drop a 40-foot putt, why Man O'War lost but one race in his entire career on every sort of track. It is something that an individual is born with. He either has it or lacks it. Those who have it, the ability to brew their greatest effort out of their own concentration, to relax when others become tense, become the celebrated specialists of the world, and their names go down in the record books or are emblazoned in SILVER SCREEN.

Spencer Tracy, off the set, and before the cameras roll, is a quiet chap and, to look at him, you would not suspect that within that stocky frame was a genius

for make-believe. The cameras start rolling. In front of you no longer is a boy from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Now he is a Portuguese fisherman, again he is a priest, the next picture he is the innocent victim of a mob's fury. It is not that he wears the clothes of those different characters—he actually brings them alive. I watched him making "Boy's Town" and the priest that he created as the cameras started whirring was a priest that you might find if you rapped at the parish door of any small church. So completely did he etch this character of Father Flanagan that when the cameras halted, while the technicians arranged a new set-up, and Tracy came to where I was waiting for him, I addressed him as "Father." Not once, but repeatedly.

Tracy himself cannot explain what he has within him that permits this fusion of self with an imaginary creature. If you'd ask him, his most probable answer would be: "Go 'way. Are you kidding?" He'd be downright embarrassed. But that spark is there. Perhaps make-believe of this sort is due to a performer's vivid memory of a priest he has met. Perhaps it is the highest form of reporting, and the most accurate, this ability to create a character out of your own imagination and using another person's lines. I think that it is based in the senses—the senses of sight, hearing, taste, touch. The more acute these senses, the better the portrait that will be fashioned. Welding all of this together is the actor's technique,

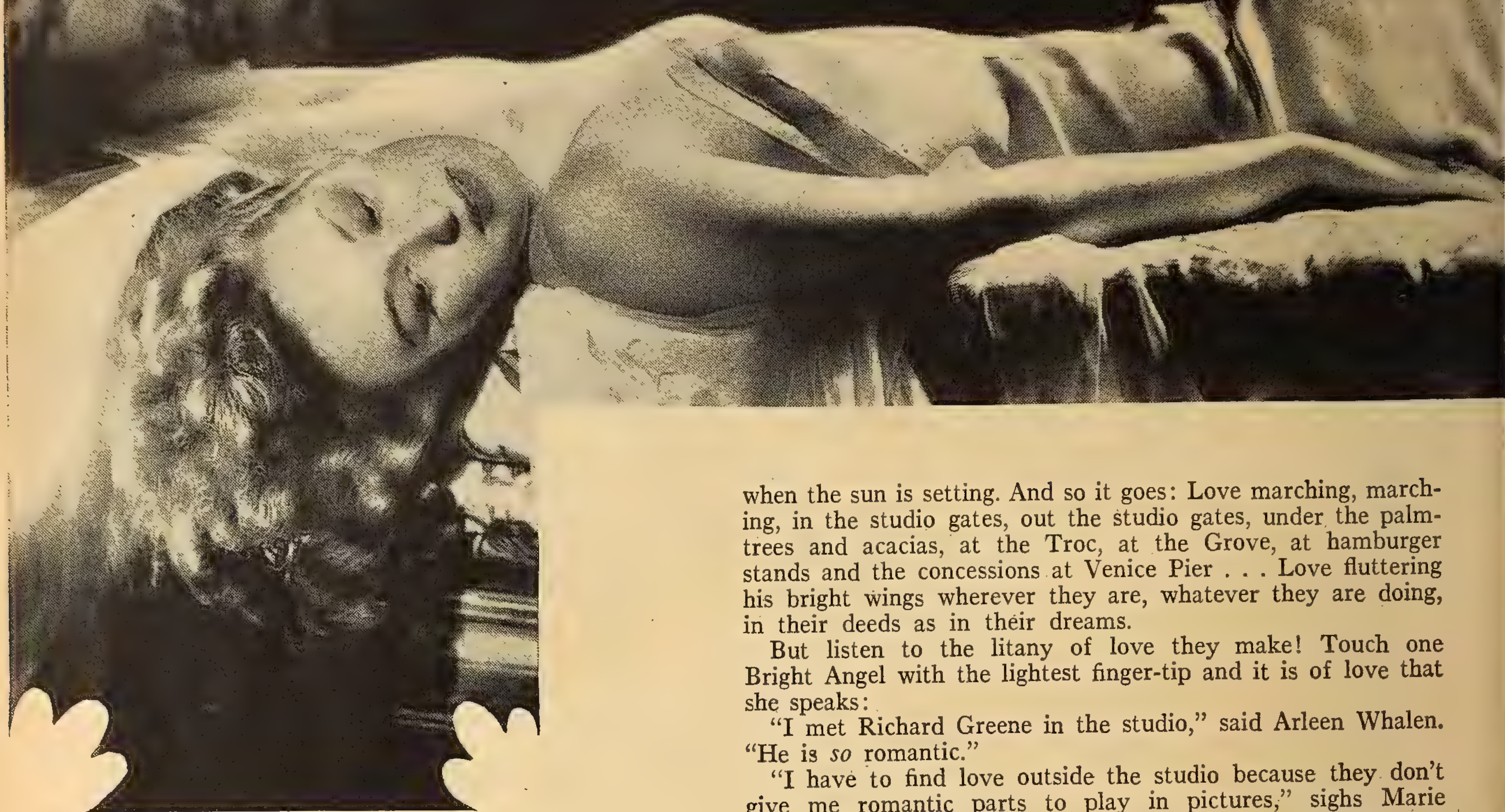
which covers delivery, poise, understanding of lines and how to read them—not the tricks of the trade, but the technique of the trade.

What is it? Technique is the ability of a player to read a line that he has rehearsed over and over again, and read it so freshly that the hearer believes it has just popped to the performer's lips. Technique is not only the performance but the manner of a performance. It is a complete knowledge of the details of acting. Tracy's technique, he says, was shaped most by George M. Cohan, and Cohan had a very solid background. Had Tracy slavishly imitated Cohan, then he would be only a blurred carbon copy of Cohan's technique. Because he used the technique of Cohan but adapted it to his own personality and added touches distinctly his own is the reason that Tracy is an artist.

I have said here that art is the ability of a performer to make you in the audience feel that his lines are either impromptu or reasoned out. Paul Muni and Charles Laugh- [Continued on page 63]

LOVE

Marches



"EVERYWHERE I look, there's love," said Rosemary Lane.

Cupid preens his bright feathers . . . Eros stretches his bright body of Love . . . "Heigh, Ho, Hollywood!" says Eros. For of *course* there's love everywhere they look, these girls who are breaking the chrysalis of Glamour, these still-yearning Yearlings of Hollywood's Fame and Favour.

For Rosemary, there are Jimmy Cagney's arms by day and, when the day is done, the young, admiring eyes of Jeffrey Lynn or Ronnie Reagan.

For Arleen Whelan there is Don Ameche's kiss, the strong embrace of Warner Baxter, the timid tumult in the heart of Jack Haley, on the set, and, the days' work done, there is Richard Greene waiting, as the studio gates close behind her.

Even the "day's work" is the work of love and the warmth of lovers, when you are young and beautiful in Hollywood.

For all of them, the young and the not-quite-so-young, Love is On The March from the moment they wake in the morning until they go to sleep at night. Clark Gable makes love to Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight" and phones Carole Lombard from his dressing-room when he steps off the set. . . . Bob Taylor kisses the dark hair of Maureen O'Sullivan at high noon and rides the range with Barbara Stanwyck

when the sun is setting. And so it goes: Love marching, marching, in the studio gates, out the studio gates, under the palm-trees and acacias, at the Troc, at the Grove, at hamburger stands and the concessions at Venice Pier . . . Love fluttering his bright wings wherever they are, whatever they are doing, in their deeds as in their dreams.

But listen to the litany of love they make! Touch one Bright Angel with the lightest finger-tip and it is of love that she speaks:

"I met Richard Greene in the studio," said Arleen Whalen. "He is *so* romantic."

"I have to find love outside the studio because they don't give me romantic parts to play in pictures," sighs Marie Wilson. "I know that real love is self-sacrifice; that infatuations are not to be taken seriously—I know that love scenes are not supposed to be real on the sound stages . . . but if I could play a love scene with Clark Gable, that would be *real* all right. I mean, *would* have been real had I been so fortunate as to have made a love scene with Clark before I met Nick Grinde. It's very confusing for a nice girl to know where love begins and where love leaves off . . . stepping from one pair of arms to another and all . . . and such arms, too!"

"I like real love scenes, not reel ones," quips Priscilla Lane, "in real love scenes your hair gets all mussed up and no stills are taken, your lipstick comes off on His Coat, you don't know what he is going to say or even what you are going to say yourself . . . love scenes should be like that . . . *I* like 'em that way . . . startling and sensational, not *studied* from a script. . . !"

"I met Lee Bowman in pictures," says Joy Hodges of her current Heart, the torch light in her eyes. . . .

"You can't stay 'unkissed' in Hollywood," confessed Olympe Bradna, not sorrowfully.

"It's a merry-go-round of Romance," says grave Andrea Leeds . . . we know what she means . . . dates with Edgar Bergen, Red Christy, Ken Murray.

"Every day of my life," laughs Ruth Hussey, "I see Bob Taylor or Bob Young or Bob Montgomery. Romance, you might say, bobs

**In Hollywood, Where Girls Are
So Charming, It Is Love That They
Talk About And Love That Sets
Their Hearts Aflutter.**

SILVER SCREEN

On!

By
Gladys
Hall

Rosemary Lane
completely re-
laxed, una-
ware of the se-
ductive allure
of her youth
and beauty.



up with every step I
take, because it's ro-
mance, to me, just to
look at these men."

"I was dancing at
the Beverly Wilshire
with Hoogie Car-
michael when I met Greg Bautzer," says Lana Turner, of her
real and recent Romeo, "and there, on the dance floor, 'love
walked in!'"

"All girls get crushes on Nelson Eddy or Robert Taylor
or Clark Gable or Tyrone Power," says very-young Nancy
Kelly, "and so do I. But I meet them face to face. I talk with
them. I work with some of them in pictures. And any girl
will tell you that to meet your 'crush' face to face is to meet
Romance face to face."

Yes, it is of Love they speak . . . all around them you can
hear the marching of Love's feet, the blowing of his banners,
the whirring of his arrows, wild or true.

But it was Rosemary's remark, dropped like a dreamy stitch,
which made SILVER SCREEN alive and alert to know how
constantly Love is On The March here in Hollywood.
Consider how, from the mo-
ment one of these Rosebuds
in Hollywood's Garden of
Girls opens her eyes in the
morning until she closes them
at night, it is love's bright
face she looks upon, dreams
over, invites.

When she does her studio
"home-work" for the night,
it is love-lines she is learn-
[Continued on page 80]

Olympe Bradna
smiles and con-
fesses "you can't
stay unkissed in
Hollywood."

"It's very con-
fusing," says
Marie Wilson,
"but I know
infatuation is
not to be taken
seriously."





Any Excuse for a

Party

At the Jinx Party held Friday, the 13th, they laughed at bad luck. Now what happens?

**The Players Are Sitting
On Top Of The World,
Easy Money—Pleasant
People—Why Shouldn't
They Have Parties!**

By

S. R. Mook

IN HOLLYWOOD—where GLAMOUR sells for 10 cents a gallon, and a brush to smear it on with is thrown in gratis by the studio publicity department, life often takes on a drab and dingy hue. Success turns to gall and wormwood in the mouths of your favorites—and mine. Hollywood is a small place at best and, outside of the fights (prize fights, I mean), a few night clubs, an occasional symphony and a play once in a while there is nothing to do, so the slightest excuse is seized upon as an excuse for a party.

For instance, the party-giving proclivities of the Basil Rathbones is well known to all and sundry. So when son Rodeon returned from England to be married, a party seemed in order. Rodeon knew few, if any, of the guests. Few, if any, of the guests knew Rodeon but the creme de la creme of Hollywood attended his wedding. "*Noblesse oblige*," as Mr. W. C. Fields so aptly puts it. It began in a mumbled undertone but gained in sound and fury until finally it shrieked in headlines and Hollywood's chosen broke out in their finest. No fights, no casualties marred the evening and young Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone were inducted into Hollywood society as auspiciously as any Park Avenue deb ever made her bow before New York's Four Hundred.

Their eleventh wedding anniversary served as another excuse for the party-loving Rathbones. This time the scene was the Victor Hugo restaurant. Guests made their entrance through a huge cathedral archway and walked (I keep thinking of "Walk, Don't Run") to their tables through roped off aisles which were banked by thousands of great, white Easter lilies. It was a "Bride and Groom" party and everyone had to come dressed as some famous bride or groom of history. The wardrobe departments of the studios put on extra shifts and costumes for productions had to wait until Ouida Rathbone's guests



When his picture "Stand Up and Fight" was finished Robert Taylor called on all hands to celebrate. Director Van Dyke—left, Wallace Berry—right.



John Payne registering terror at the cross-eyed black cat and the open umbrella.

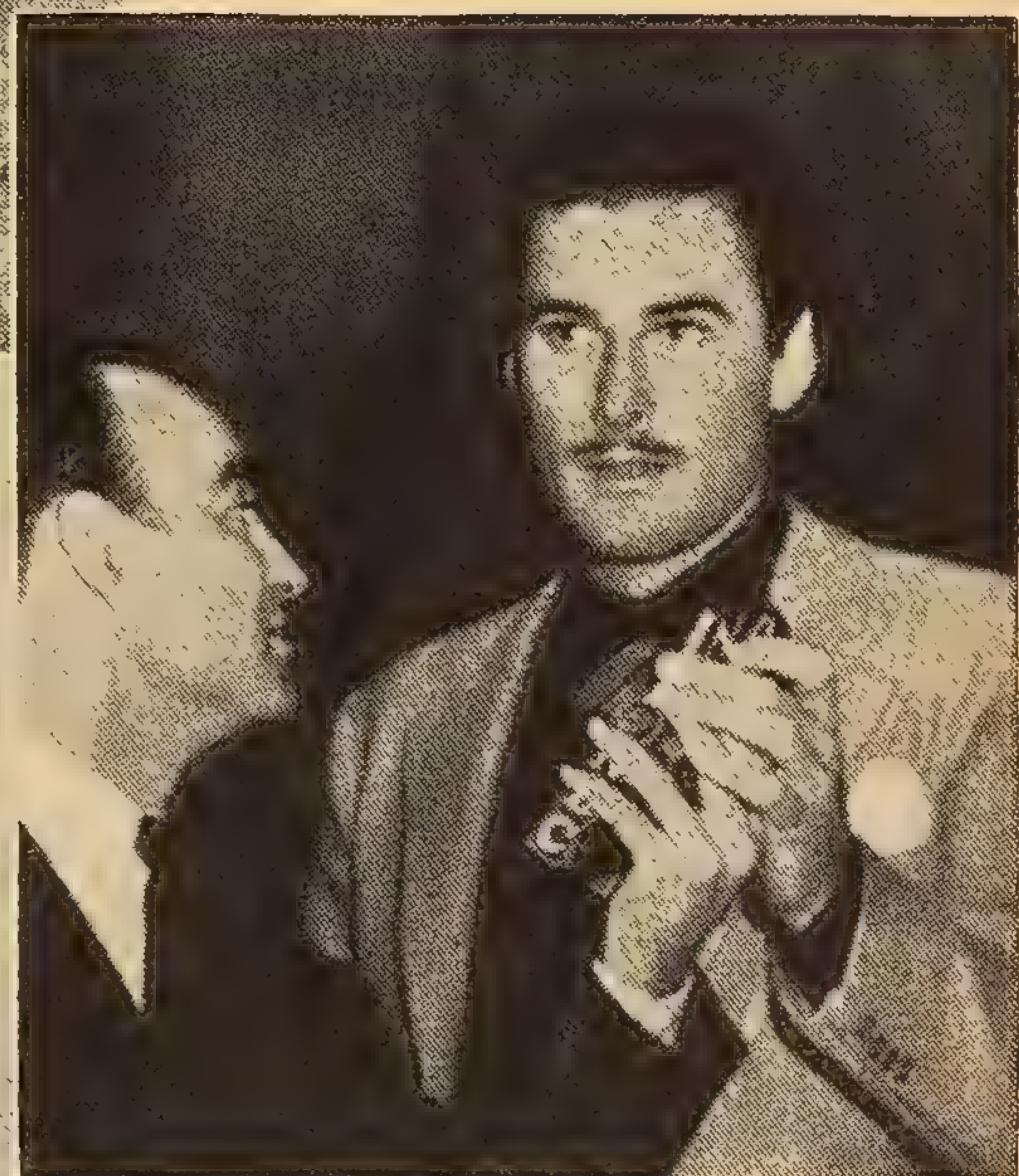


could be outfitted. The guest list read like a "Who's Whose" of Hollywood.

Some of them were Messrs. and Mesdames Fred Astaire, Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson), Warner Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Cecil DeMille, Charles Farrell, Ralph Forbes, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., John Farrow (Maureen O'Sullivan), Samuel Goldwyn, James Gleason, Leslie Howard, Arthur Hornblow (Myrna Loy), Jean Hersholt, Ernst Lubitsch, Edmund Lowe, Adolphe Menjou, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, Fred MacMurray, Frank Morgan, Jack Oakie, Gregory Ratoff, Edward G. Robinson, Charles Ruggles; Misses Billie Burke, Virginia Bruce, Mary Boland, Constance Bennett, Madeleine Carroll, Marlene Dietrich, Marion Davies, Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, Paulette Goddard, Benita Hume, Miriam Hopkins, Olivia De Havilland, Carole Lombard, Anita Louise, Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Florence Rice, Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, Gloria Swanson, Sophie Tucker, Bette Davis, Joan Bennett, Louise Rainer, Joan Crawford, Lupe Velez; Messrs. Gene Markey, Fran-



Margaret Lindsay breaks a mirror for the cameraman—see reflection. Frank McHugh in foreground.



Errol Flynn, at the mike, tries to think of something to say when unexpectedly called upon to broadcast at the Jinx party.



To enter the party the guests had to walk under a ladder. Bonita Granville climbs over.

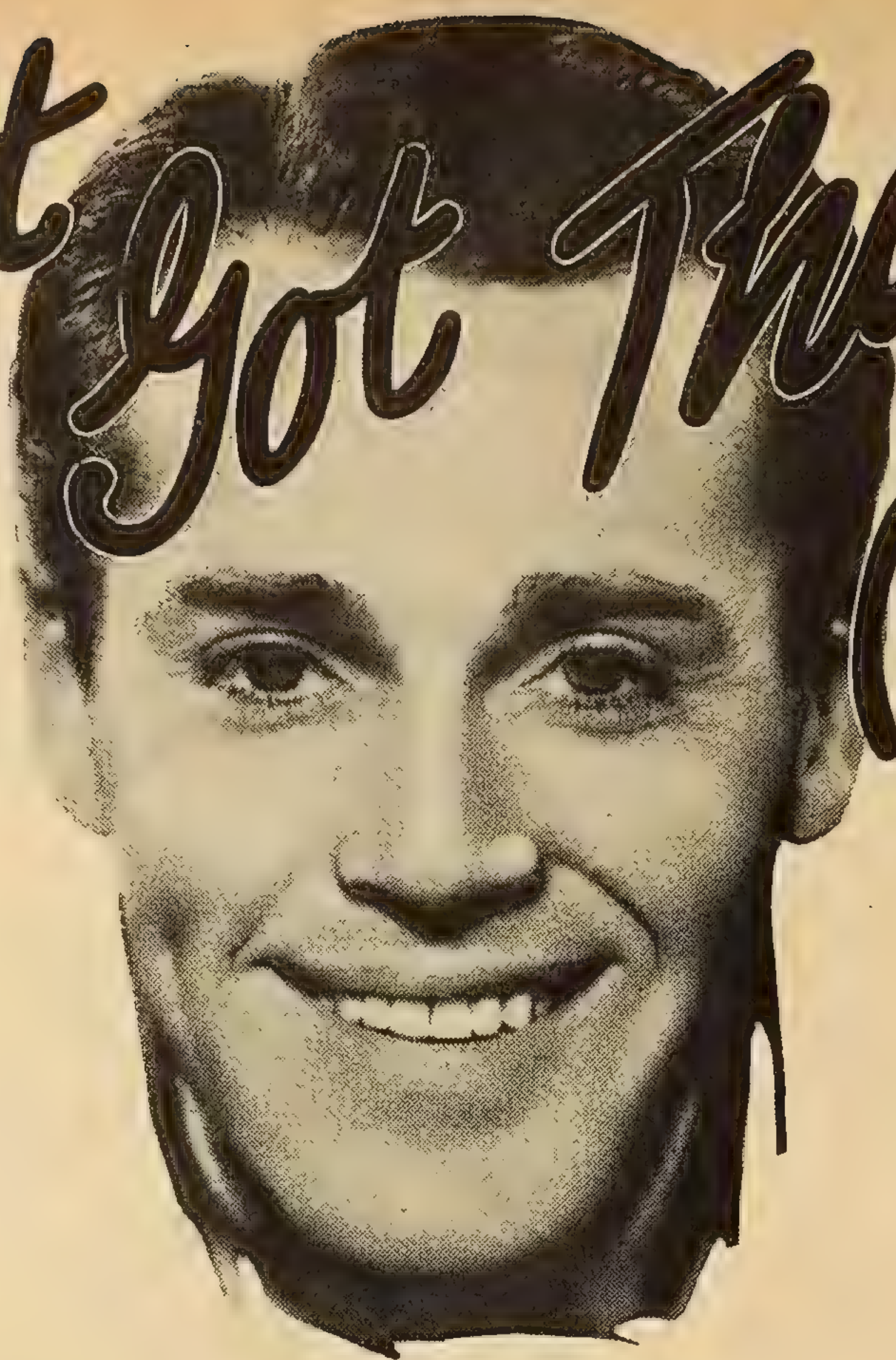
chot Tone, Johnny Weissmuller, George Brent, Ronald Colman, Charlie Chaplin, Nelson Eddy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Edward Everett Horton, Ivan Lebedeff, Herbert Marshall, David

Niven, William Powell, Cesar Romero, Gene Raymond, Gilbert Roland, Randolph Scott, Robert Taylor and Raymond Massey.

If you can think of anyone in Hollywood who amounts to anything and wasn't mentioned, you may be sure they were there. I've only given you about half the names. Everything moved quietly and sedately—everybody kissed everybody else's bride and a good time was had by all. I'll say!

Mr. Darryl Zanuck is another inveterate party thrower and when Mr. Z. tosses a party he tosses discretion to the winds and shoots the works. The preview-premiere of "Kentucky" served as an excuse for his last party. He rented the Carthay Circle theatre and his guest list was chosen as carefully, if a little more [Continued on page 62]

How It Got That Way!



The Stars Explain
Their Handwriting.

By
Virginia T. Lane

Analysis by
Donald Humphries,
Graphologist

THERE'S more in a star's autograph than meets the eye. It takes an expert to see all there is in a signature.

Take Clark Gable's, for instance. We were sitting on the "Idiot's Delight" set—a smart resort hotel supposedly in the Alps where he and Norma Shearer do some romantic reminiscing—and it seemed a pretty good place to find Clark's reaction to the analysis of his handwriting.

Clark said, "Hey, what is this?" and stared at his signature as if he'd never seen it before.

That curved underscore he gives it, for example, means a magnetic personality.

"Sure," he grinned. "Didn't I ever tell you? Once when I was in the Oklahoma oil fields I broke a magnetic needle. Carried a piece of it around in my pocket for days without knowing it until the darn' thing stuck me. It took a doctor to get it out!"

And those wide loops he makes everywhere are a sign of an emotional, highly sensitive temperament.

"Yep, that's right," he said with mock gravity. "I got that way from being valet to a herd of steers on a cattle boat. It was my first trip to Europe and I was so broke when we did dock at Holland that all I did was sit around the dykes for five days waiting for a ship home. You have no idea how sensitive an experience like that can make you . . ."

Maybe that also accounts for the caution found in those small, tightly closed "b's" of his. And for the fact that he doesn't give a whoop about luxury. You can see that from the tendency of his downward loops, especially on the "le" in Gable to run into the line below.

It's funny about Clark's writing. If you could glance over a line or two he's written you would notice this: Club-like dots over the "i's"—that shows aggressiveness, the fighter. Many of his letters are connected—indicating good judgment and foresight.

And the "n's" are angular—the mark of a quick thinker, one who is always on the go either mentally or physically.

"That," mused Mr. Gable, "is the result of being call boy in New York for nine months. I used to rap reverently on the dressing room door of Lionel and John Barrymore to call them for scenes for 'The Jest.' One evening Lionel asked me to bring him some coffee. I tripped and gave it to him—right

The irresponsible Henry Fonda gives his romantic secret away every time he signs his name.

James Cagney

George Brent

Henry Fonda

Conrad Veidt

Clark Gable

on the shirt of his costume. He never forgot me. Years later it was Lionel Barrymore who got me a contract with M-G-M."

Just then a beautiful pseudo-Russian countess came up, all done up in gray, and if you looked closely under the blonde wig you recognized Norma herself. "Can anyone play this game?" asked the delectable Shearer.

We explained and she wrote her signature—with its small, well-made capitals and open, rounded letters all so uniform in size. That means her most outstanding trait is serenity.

The Curves And Loops Of The Signatures Of The Stars Reveal More Than The Camera Can Show.



Irene's "John Hancock" shows a lot of common sense.

a part when I wore a big hat—and later gave it to me when I came back wearing a small one . . ."

The graceful "m" is a sign of a keen mind and a gentle nature, critical, yet emotionally yielding.

And the small, closed "a" assures us she can take it, on the chin if necessary.

"Oh, she has," interpolated Clark, "she was the first lady I ever had to sock on the screen! It was for 'A Free Soul' and she refused to let me fake it."

In the strength of that "S" there's a stubborn, steadfast nature. . . . The loop of the "h" shows sensitivity, just as the broad base of that same letter shows imagination. . . . There's a careful, analytical mind behind that "e." . . . And the funny little fishhook at the end of her signature denotes—(you guessed it!) a goodly supply of humor.

When you see writing with a vertical slant like Norma's, it points to a cool detachment.

"Mine," she remembered, "came from being lost in the snow for four hours when we were on location making 'Private Lives.' I was the most 'coolly detached' person you ever saw! In fact, I nearly froze before they found me." [Continued on page 78]

"You get it," explained Norma, "after you've spent some thousand hours posing for commercial photographers, and smiling at a cake of soap as though it were a dinner at the Ritz. That's the way I first earned my living. It gives you a sort of forced calm!"

Reading from right to left, her signature reveals this: The modern angularity of her capital "N"—good taste and a keen artistic appreciation. The tightly knotted "o"—the needed pinch of caution.

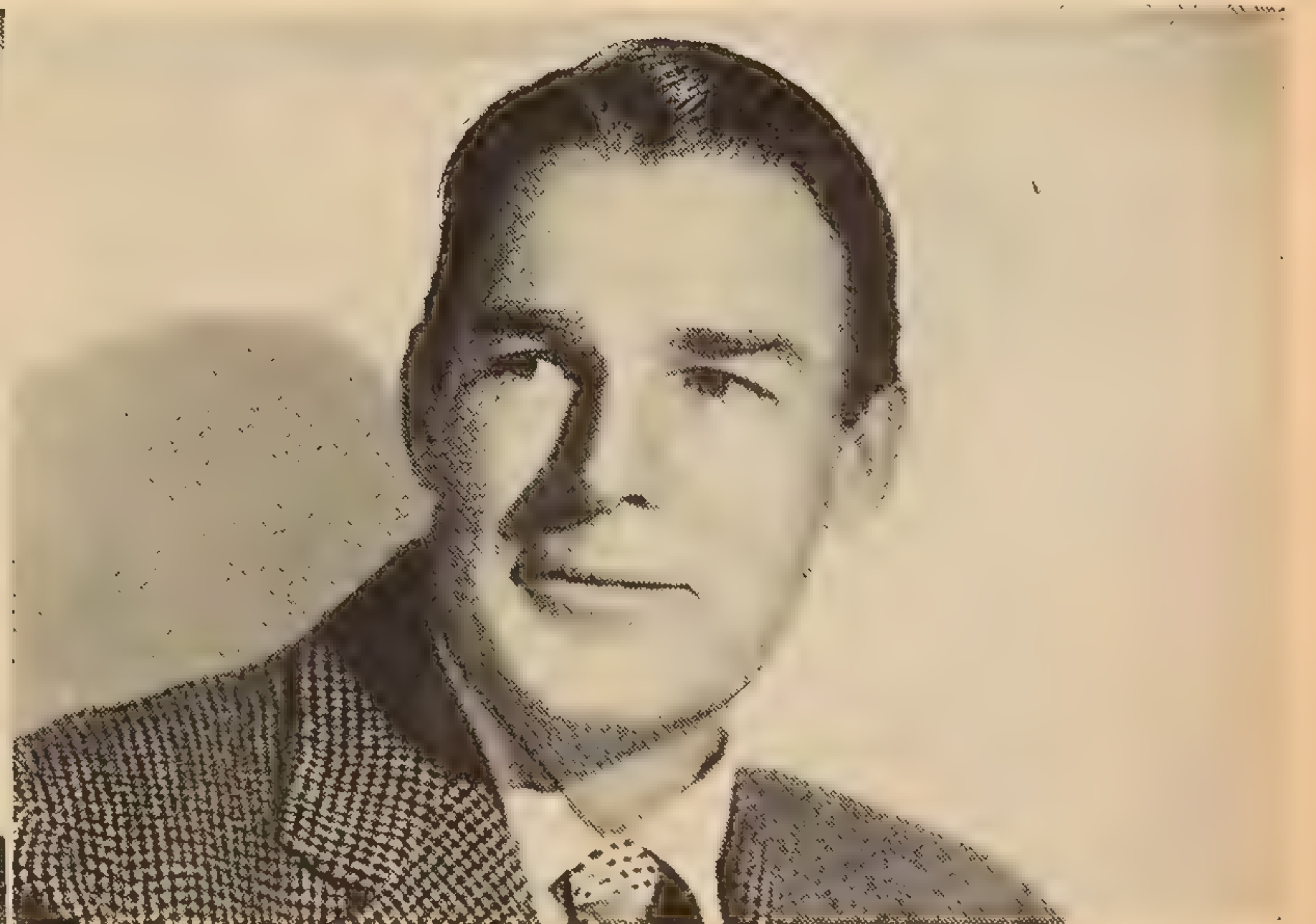
"That came," chuckled Norma, "after my early training in frying eggs over gas jets!"

Her broad "r" marks a lively interest in appearances, particularly in clothes.

"That interest was stimulated when a casting director refused me



Clark's scrawl reveals to an expert his good judgment and caution.



He is not easily adaptable to circumstances—it's in Randy Scott's signature.

Hollywood

Answers the Critics

THERE'S this about Hollywood, it always springs to the defense when any criticism is directed against it. even though that criticism in a sense may be justified in the minds of the fans. Everything done on the screen is there for a definite purpose, and now that the public has taken to wondering about the music question, why music should always be on the screen, rain or shine, in the big city or deep in the jungle, pacing the cowboy as he gallops across the range or the aviator in his flight through the night, those in the know are united in their stand on the subject.

**The Master Picture Makers
Are Interviewed And Speak
In Defense Of The Art
Of Screen Entertainment.**

By Whitney Williams

Have you ever wondered—or probably scoffed—when music came while the hero struck up a song in the wilderness, miles even from the nearest radio, or when the heroine on the sands of the sea caroled a neat little ditty? Why the midnight prowler gained access to the rich man's home, not in utter silence but with tuneful accompaniment? Or "how-come" music may be heard in the courtroom, the Eskimo's igloo, a continental limited, the kitchen where the poor little slavey (why, it's Shirley Temple!) has scarcely enough to eat and the wicked old woman who keeps her penned up

beats her regularly every evening, when no orchestra could possibly be present?

Of course, you have . . .

BUT, and undoubtedly this never occurred to you—how could it, you aren't supposed to be up on all the technical wrinkles of a very technical business!—there's a very logical reason and **DEMAND** for this insertion of melody, believe it or not.

It's rather a strain on the imagination, though, you're saying, to hear this orchestration when such music seems too ridiculous under the circumstances. Real life incidents don't have music; why, then, should the screen?

"Nothing lends to the screen such dra-



Nelson Eddy gives the singer's sincere opinion. (Right) Robert Z. Leonard, who is directing "Broadway Serenade," knows the requirements of good pictures.



Hunt Stromberg does not hesitate to go on record in defense of the Art of the Movies.





Mickey Rooney in the classic story by Mark Twain brings Huckleberry Finn to actuality. In the scene at left—Huck at the oars. Would you like Huck's personality more if you heard mood creating music while he was on the screen?

matic emphasis as the musical score backing up modern pictures," is the way Hunt Stromberg, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most famous and able producers, explains it.

"A few bars of music can establish a mood more accurately and more effectively than several scenes of dialogue. Through the musical score the screen is able to capture a fleeting thought that otherwise would be lost. It places audiences at one with the characters on the screen before them, for its appeal is universal, and the mood it creates is the same for all, when coupled with the action."

First and foremost, then, the object of music on the screen is for dramatic effect, to heighten suspense, the mood which the picture creates.

Robert Z. Leonard, who has been directing film masterpieces, for these twenty years and more, answers the criticism embodied in SILVER SCREEN's two prize-winning letters, in this way . . .

"Music is equally as important to the success of a film as the settings against which the action unfolds," he says. "To prove this statement, let some film be released minus a musical score. Musical scores have become so much a part of a modern film that audiences, seldom conscious of them, would immediately miss them and feel that something serious were lacking if such a score did not accompany the action."

"That a melodious background is necessary for increased enjoyment of a film is nothing new. It dates back before sound when theatres, realizing the value of music

(The letters submitted in the January contest were very good. To Silver Screen the letters below seemed equal in merit and so Two First Prizes have been awarded. \$50 has been sent to each of the tying contestants.)

Sirs:

Why do the ones in power over the movies have to supply music throughout every picture, no matter what and where the scene takes place, on horseback in deep forests, on a mountain top or on main street?

This is a great big mistake and causes many a snicker, so why make pictures so unnatural?

Music, in its place, is beautiful but in an unnatural place is far from being so.

Yours,

Edna Morris

West Union, W. Va.

Send in your letter of Constructive Criticism. \$50 will be paid for the best letter received. Every letter printed will be paid for—\$5 each. (See page 12.)

as a mood-setter, hired orchestras to play the score while the film was in the process of unreeling. And prior to that, of course, was the piano-player to be found in every small theatre in the land.

"Those who feel that the screen has its music coming in at odd places and under strange circumstances, should go a little further into the matter. After all, cameras and lights are there, recording the scene you watch, [Continued on page 75]

PRIZE LETTERS

Gentlemen:

It would be unfair to label any one picture unsatisfactory in the respect I have in mind, for it's an ailment common to many.

I'm thinking of pictures which present singers in romantic stories featuring a number of vocal selections.

I'm led to some lovely, remote outdoor spot—a desert island a thousand nautical miles from anywhere, perhaps—or perhaps the north woods, where there's naught for living company but the beasts of the forest.

Then the hero begins to sing, and what happens? Of all things, a full orchestral accompaniment—at a spot where no orchestra could possibly be!

Crash! goes the illusion of realism, and I'm left foolishly wondering whether the musicians are hidden under the rocks or behind the trees!

Granting the artistic value of orchestral accompaniments for singers, I still think that, under these circumstances, leaving the singer unaccompanied would be much the lesser evil.

Very truly,

(Mrs.) Vannie C. Shaw
San Francisco, Calif.

CONDITIONS

1. Make your letter about 150 words.
2. No letter will be returned.
3. Contest closes March 29, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Counting the

Radio Customers

By
Ruth
Arell



Fanny Brice. She's so funny that other comedians become inspired. She Brices them up. Haw!

After The Air Waves Are Calmed Down And The Performers Have Gone, The Sponsor Wonders What Good It Did His Special Vanilla Flavored Aspirin Tablets.

WHEN you go to your local theatre and plunk down your money for a ticket of admission to see Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour, Frank Morgan, or any other film favorite in their latest opus, you may not know it but you are really saying that these stars have box-office appeal for you. In fact you proved it by paying to get in to see them.

But suppose you are spending the evening at home. You turn your radio on and tune in on Carole Lombard, Edward G. Robinson, Frances Langford, Charlie McCarthy, Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith or Rudy Vallee and perhaps you say: "They sure put on a good show!" Or perhaps you don't say that at all. Maybe your comment is: "What an awful program! Why in the world do they keep *that* on the air?" Not that we're knocking any of these stars, but there are folks who are normal in every other way and yet don't like these performers while you may be such an avid fan you are ready to battle for your choice.

They have their opinion and you have yours—in the privacy of home. The problem is: how can these private criticisms, which are really registering listener interest and therefore radio's box-office appeal, be brought out for public view and accurately charted? That's the big question in ether entertainment.

For the men who run radio don't like to admit that, despite the millions invested in the industry, the best they can do is to carry on by an intensely specialized guesswork. That's really what it amounts to. In the movie or regular theatre the cashier counts up the receipts and knows to a penny how much business has been done, how many people have come to see the show. But radio, the biggest and most far-reaching entertainment medium of all, has no fool-proof way of checking up on the number of people who listen in, or what they like and why.

But if radio doesn't have an exact dollars-and-cents way of checking up box-office returns, it does have indicators that tell which way the wind is blowing even if it can't judge the absolute full strength of that wind. Fan mail used to be such an indicator, but that was way back in the days when letter writing was spontaneous. You listened to Burns and Allen, say, and Gracie's silly sallies reminded you so much of a dumb cluck you know that you just had to write them a letter telling them so. That was just ducky, everyone thought, for if a person took the time to write a letter and spent his own money for a stamp just to tell an entertainer how entertaining he is, that entertainer must be good.

Everything continued to be ducky until some smart boy hit upon the idea of encouraging fan mail by giving people inducements to write. Thus, for a letter enclosing a label or a box top you would get a special sample of the product

advertised or maybe a G-Man badge for the kiddies. That spelled the downfall of the importance of fan mail, for when the spontaneous factor was removed you got letters from people who probably were interested in the reward and for all you knew never cared to hear the program again.

It is interesting to note, however, how fan mail influenced the life of the program *One Man's Family*. At one time it was sponsored by a cigarette company. Then, as now, the show was good but people complained that such a family program should not be used to advance the sale of tobacco. The sponsor became convinced of this and announced one day that the program was being withdrawn although it was excellent entertainment. So many people liked the program, however, even if they didn't care for the product that they sent thousands of letters of protest to the broadcasting company. As a result, the program was retained as a non-commercial, sustaining feature until a food sponsor came along whose product was acceptable to listeners.

Looking around for some yardstick by which to measure the radio audience on several of its programs, a large advertising agency engaged Crossley Business Research, Inc., a firm specializing in business surveys, to make the research. The consensus of opinion was that it couldn't be done, that there was no way of compiling an anyway nearly accurate index of the listeners to a program. But Crossley tackled the job and did it successfully.

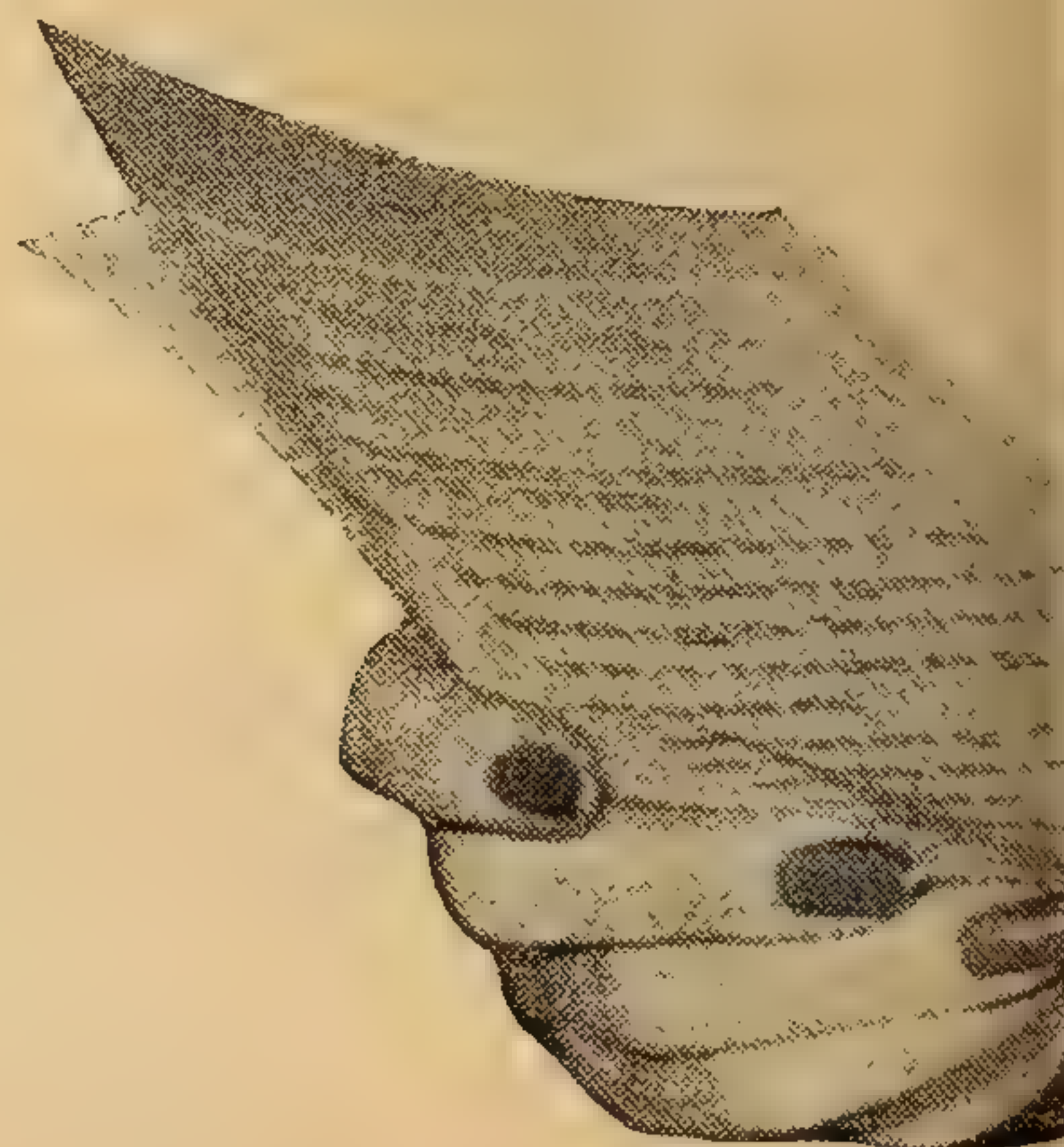
They worked like this. The residents of each city they were surveying were mapped out in fields according to neighborhood, business and social standing, race and probable income. Each class was charted separately. Then investigators made thousands of phone calls to the residents of these various classes asking them if they had a radio, what hours it had been turned on, and what stations and programs they had listened to.

The result gave such a satisfactory cross-section picture that the method got enormous

publicity and Crossley got requests to make other such surveys. Finally the Association of National Advertisers took up the matter. The result was that Cross-



Edward G. Robinson, a man who was raised by audiences, now talks to himself and the gadget.



ley organized a subsidiary called the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting, which was later incorporated. A committee from the Association of National Advertisers manages the C.A.B. while the Crossley organization does the actual field and statistical work. So much do advertisers believe in it, that 92 per cent of all sponsored programs on the air subscribe to the service which, in spite of all their best efforts to get everyone to call its results the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting Report, still goes under the name of Crossley rating.

Many refinements have gone into the survey methods since the first research was made into the nation's listening habits. Today, in some fifty odd cities scattered all over the country, trained investigators make thousands of phone calls a day. The time to make these calls—about 9 A.M., 12 noon, 5 P.M., and 9 P.M.—was determined by exhaustive experimentation which was least likely to annoy the listener.

A young lady who has been one of the investigators since the survey started told this reporter that, contrary to general impression, people are most co-operative and eager to help. Very few regard the phone call as a [Continued on page 76]



How many realize that Rudy Vallee was a radio pioneer and popularizer, and still is?



When Carole Lombard goes screwball the air gets heady with ozone, or something, but when she's seriously working we listen and like it.

"Tested"

IN THE Hollywood Crucible

By Jeanne de Kolty

testee looks like because we see dozens of them out here every week and probably not more than five per cent ever prove to have anything on the ball. Perhaps I saw Clark Gable, or Bob Taylor and Bette Davis make their first tests. I wouldn't know. All I do remember is that every newcomer I ever saw being tested looked stiff and unpromising and scared silly.

It's really remarkable that a producer ever manages to see any hope in a test. Most of them are terrible, especially those in which young hopefuls select their own material (usual custom) and decide to do something highly dramatic to exhibit their *vawst* talents. Whatever their forte, they always seem to select "scenery chewing" parts for tests. Paula Stone, a natural light comedienne, picked the most tense moment from "Accent on Youth" and muffed it beautifully for her initial screen effort, and ten to one "Animal



Joy Hodges, Anita Louise, Jeanne de Kolty and James Ellison talking over their experiences on tests.

THAT nice fan in Paducah has just written to ask exactly what is a screen test. Maybe she wants to take one. If so, I think she should be warned that screen tests are hell!

I've been running around for three days now asking movie stars what they think about this subject, and everyone seemed to agree that stardom would be swell—if it were not for tests. Even Norma Shearer and Edward Arnold, who certainly should be accustomed to them by now, frankly admit that they were panic-stricken during testing for "Idiot's Delight."

It seems slightly nuts, because after watching hundreds of tests, I find that they all look like a simple matter of routine. I often barge onto a set, see some strange youngster emoting under the lights while cameras grind and the crew stand around taking it in, say to myself, "Well, there's another poor kid sweating away," and go on my way. It doesn't even seem worthwhile to notice what the



Basil Rathbone at his own request took a test for the role of a hero.



Kingdom" has been murdered by young hopefuls more times than any other three plays put together!

Undeniably, the making of a test can be a highly dramatic event. Old folks who have long since given up hope of reach-

ing fame have at times been projected toward glory and riches in a few moments via the test route, and the young and beautiful have fallen by the wayside.

Remember Minnie Dupree? Years ago she was a Broadway leading lady; later a character actress. A scout for David O. Selznick saw her in New York, sent her by plane to Hollywood and she took a test the night of her arrival. The following morning at 7:00 o'clock Selznick saw the results in the projection room, and by eight o'clock Minnie was under contract for "The Young in Heart" at a salary exceeding her fondest hopes. Long past the flush of youth when she could expect to reach greater heights, she was catapulted to fame literally overnight.

Pretty Peg Entwistle made a test, believed it a failure and, heart-broken, trudged off into the dark hills of Hollywood one night. She climbed to the very top of

There Is Only One Way To Find Out What The Camera Will Reveal. And So The Stars Are Tested Over and Over Again.



Edward Arnold and Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight." Old-timers, tried and true, yet they had to be tested for these roles. It's just part of the business.

A scene from "Dark Victory," with George Brent and Bette Davis. George fell heir to the heroic role in this film coveted by Basil Rathbone.



the HOLLYWOODLAND sign that shines above the film city, poised herself for a last look at the sparkling panorama below, and leaped. Next morning she was found, a crushed and broken thing at the foot of the sign—victim of a screen test. The most poignant thing about this tragedy is that at the moment Peg was preparing for her final act, the studio was paging her for a contract. Producers considered

her test a great success. Often the tests that seem poorest to a novice may look best to those who understand them. In testing a beginner, the studios look not only for acting ability, but also for personality, photogenic qualities, a hundred things that the subject may know nothing about. As a rule, screen players are drilled for months before being given assignments. They are taught to walk, wear clothes, use their hands, speak. They become adept technically at the art of acting. But if they lack a certain God-given spark, they are doomed to failure. It is this inborn qual-

ity—a hidden fire, the ability to project themselves strongly onto the screen—for which producers look in a test. Never until after a test has been made can this quality be seen, and then it is usually recognized only by experts.

There are so many varieties of tests that fans, like our Paducah correspondent, may be confused on the subject. The beginner's talent test is entirely different from other kinds. After such a test has been approved, the aspirant may have many others before given a role; voice tests, face tests (both quiet and talking, to determine how the lips photograph in motion), hand, eye, leg tests. It is this tearing apart process that makes tests an ordeal. So many things might be wrong!

Many top-ranking stars would be insulted if asked to prove acting ability. They look upon tests as mere necessary routine. As Anita Louise says: "Tests are always annoying, but we know they are important and suffer through them accordingly."

Tests of established players fall into two classes: those for definite roles, and character tests. In the first class, take a look at "Gone With the Wind"—unless they hurry and produce it this is as good a look as you'll get. Jimmy Ellison says everyone has been rumored cast for the picture except his pooch, Godfrey, and he's angling for a test for Godfrey now! As a matter of fact, very few tests have actually been made, despite rumors. Clark Gable was given the part of Rhett Butler without one; likewise Walter Connolly, who later relinquished his part. When Clark is actually on the "G.W.T.W." payroll, he will start making a dozen kinds of tests: costume tests to determine which garments are most becoming to him and which fabrics photograph best; head tests to decide which hair-do of the period is best suited to him. He may spend an entire day, or two or three, experimenting to perfect methods for handling his role as to lighting, camera angles and other details. All these experiments will be filmed exactly as though for the finished production.

To my personal knowledge, those who have actually [Continued on page 66]



Talented and beautiful Lana Turner is an honor to all Idaho. Below—The author and the newest star.



Lana

A NEW NAME FOR THE LIGHTS

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

ANXIETY filled the air. A deep, troubled sigh issued from Director Robert Sinclair. He had been working on the "Dramatic School" set with a group of young players for days. After a fashion their performances had been all right, and sometimes he had become so intrigued with the dream that he was seeking to portray before the ever grinding cameras that he had been loath to stop even for a part of the night. Though a few youngsters showed intelligent interpretations the touch of real artistry was lacking. Too many

of them had obvious difficulties in getting into their roles; they were more like mere puppets reacting to the tugs of a director's whims. Yet all were so eager in their work, so humbly responsive to his direction. Whether young or old, bit player, star or extra, success troubles them all. For few there are who possess that undefinable, intangible, mystic power that is required to succeed before the cameras.

Director Sinclair had been working one day, two days, three days. And now that he had [Continued on page 74]



TO
IAN HUNTER

HIS record includes many fine performances. Cape Town, South Africa, can Point with Pride, too. He is a British Army veteran, a husband and father. His next appearance will be with Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade."



BETTE DAVIS

She is beautiful and blessed with allure but fan comment on Bette always skips those trivialities and pays homage again to her unequalled and priceless talents.



MARGARET LINDSAY

Some day a bigger part, one that demands the poise of a social thoroughbred, will come along and then we will see her as natural and gracious as she really is. She, more than some others, has breeding to share with the screen.





RICHARD GREENE

His career has in a short time reached a high plane, for everyone likes him. Twentieth Century-Fox can take a bow.

ROBERT YOUNG

He is so normal and "regular" that his bill goes unsung. He is ready for a tremendous part and He Would Fill It, even though he had to set a new artistic high.





MARIS WRIXON

Unknown to the vast audience of the movies she is already marked by Destiny for a pedestal among the great actresses of the screen. A smoldering, passionate girl waiting in the wings.

ANN SHERIDAN

That indefinable quality of
Glamour is not to be meas-
ured but she has that, and
more, and no part has ever
called for depths of feeling
from Ann in vain.



MERLE OBERON
LAURENCE OLIVIER

to "Wuthering Heights," a produc-
tion that all Hollywood is watching.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

If "The Little Princess" gives the child genius of Shirley a chance, she will enter a new stage of her career and still be Box Office Star Number One.





That

Tailored

Look

The First Soft Rustle of Spring Brings Every Lovely Young Girl Out Into The Open, And There's Nothing So "Right" For That Walk Down The Avenue Than a Smartly Tailored Suit. Eleanor Powell, The Vivacious Dancing Star, Agrees With Us On This Point.

AT LEFT Eleanor's smooth light olive green woolen suit is distinguished by self-toned silk braid scroll trim, and so is her square matching pocketbook. The trim little jacket is collarless and zipper fastened. A beautiful shade of forest green contrasts perfectly when used for the tucked-in scarf and suede hat with rolled brim. Her open-toed kid shoes and cuffed suede gloves are a lovely shade called saffron this year.

AT RIGHT Eleanor shows how effective a combination of misty woodland violet and palest grey can be when used for a sheer wool bolero-jacketed suit that will carry her right into the first uncertain days of summer. The circular skirt and simple contrasting blouse, slashed at the high neckline, are joined together with a wide, duo-toned draped belt. Matching violet suede shoes with intricate side braiding are worn with this costume.



Eleanor uses a jumping rope to keep in practice even when sailing the ocean blue. The all-round pleated skirt of her one-piece dress offers no hindrance for exercise like this. The feature of this silk crepe dress is a two-toned blouse in navy combined with a heavenly sky blue with heavy two-toned cord trimming tied in the traditional sailor's knot. The wide belt also combines the navy and sky blue in eye-catching fashion and is linked with a huge ahoy anchor. Her shoes are of delicate blue linen with self-toned lacings.



Designed

"For Her Gay Hours" Eleanor Powell Chooses Frocks That Are Softly Feminine.



for Leisure

A very delectable shade called Boise de Rose is Elzann's choice for a loosely draped rayon crepe afternoon frock that will take her to smart luncheons, cocktail parties or even casual dinners. The graceful front fullness adds a charming note to the skirt, and the soft bow trim on bodice and belt seem a fitting complement to the two intricately designed diamond clips, which are her sole adornment. Her matching felt hat is banded with black grosgrain and her open-toed high-top pumps are of black suede.



The Dance

Before



Clayton Brown and Fred Astaire
Dancing the "Castle Walk"

Jitterbugs

Edna May Oliver, Clarence Derwent, Ginger Rogers, Max Barwyn and Fred Astaire in a scene from the story of the first internationally famous dance team.



DANCERS feel that the rhythmic motion of the dance is the perfect manner of expression. Instead of staring eyes and trembling lips they give their bodies in movement to the spirit of a character. Vernon and Irene Castle gave a new meaning to life for our own people and this biographical story is a fine way to do them honor.

Walter Brennan, Fred and Ginger skilfully show the pathetic eagerness of the dancers.



YOUR BODY NEEDS "FUEL" TOO...

ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a person weighing 120 lbs., can drive a car continuously for 6 hours and 40 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

Simple as it seems, driving is fatiguing. Many people, in fact, have been known to "fall asleep at the wheel"—which is dangerous. If you get tired, while motoring, stop for a Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is fine candy. You will enjoy it—and its food energy will help you fight fatigue. Baby Ruth is sold everywhere.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
OTTO SCHNERING, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES
DIRECTLY FOR
ENERGY!

JEAN ARTHUR

In "You Can't Take It With You," she gave us a wonderful performance. It was a part that some other girl would have walked through but Jean made it important because she has more to give. Her star is still rising.



Having Pleasant Dreams



By
Julia Gwin

In "Cafe Society"
Shirley Ross sets
the style in cig-
arette girls.

WE WERE sitting around a table in Sardi's, just off New York's Times Square, talking about Hollywood, movie actors now on Broadway, and clothes.

"Imagine," said Shirley Ross, one of the now famous 'Two Sleepy People,' "being in New York at a time when the shops are full of such wonderful things,

when the windows alone are worth a walk up Fifth Avenue, with all the places to go and the things to see and do and having five shows a day to keep me indoors."

The dancing grey-blue eyes, which could turn serious with the suddenness of a blown candle, belied the wail in the low vibrant voice with its rich undertones of happiness. As I watched Shirley Ross I became aware of a vital expectancy in her manner, a sudden reaching out as each new arrival entered the restaurant. It was a kind of eager, silent waiting for something secretly precious and important.

Shirley was still in make-up. She had been singing, at the Paramount Theatre, the songs she had helped make famous. It is an important fact that every song which Shirley has introduced has

become a number one hit throughout the land. When she first sang most of those same songs, she had been little more than a very pretty girl with a laughing lilt in her voice which carried audiences from the theatre humming or whistling her melodies. Now, she was stopping every show. Not such a far call from her early ambitions at that. *

Shirley Ross Was One Of The Famous "Two Sleepy People" And Now Her Career Is Really Getting Somewhere.

For Shirley, born Bernice Gaunt in Omaha, Nebraska, not so many years ago, had planned to be a concert pianist. She started studying piano when she was six years old and from then until she was well into maturity she spent five hours a day in practice for the career which she still thinks she may some day follow. But, perhaps, her movie fans may have something to say about that and Destiny, too, which has a way all her own of calling her sons and daughters to the careers *she* wants them to pursue.

Shirley's family moved to Hollywood when she was nine and she started her schooling there. She had a normal childhood with little thought that some day the town's famous first industry would claim her. Later, in Hollywood High School, she was rated among the best in its amateur theatrical activities. She was nearly always cast in the leading role in the school plays. She was not only lovely to look at, with her blonde hair highlighted with red glints, but her piano playing and her nice voice gave her an advantage over her contemporaries. Even this did not instill in her thoughts of a movie career.

Her singing came about by accident rather than design. She loved her music but the endless hours of practicing became irksome just the same. To relieve the monotony, she began to sing scales, to improvise words, anything to make the work more attractive. Her mother, listening, soon became impressed with the beauty and quality of her daughter's singing voice. She would ask her friends in to hear Shirley sing, generally without the girl's knowledge. . . . From this small beginning grew her reputation as a singer.

When she graduated from high school, and before she entered the University of California, she gave ten public concerts, ten definite proofs that she would succeed on the concert stage. She felt quite satisfied with her progress and happily continued her piano, singing and dramatic work at the university. Her fame spread and during her second year, Destiny, in the person of the band leader, Gus Arnheim, stepped in, auditioned Shirley and then signed her to a nine months' contract to sing with his band.

I asked how she happened to choose the name of Shirley Ross.

"I was almost named Shirley," she replied, "and I always liked the name. I have an aunt [Continued on page 66]

with
S. R.
Mook



John Howard and Jane Darwell
in "Grand Jury's Secret."

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

WELL, my little chickadees (as the one and only Bill Fields will remark later on in this story), the big excitement in our little village this month is a picture that Herbert Crooker (formerly one of the guiding lights of the Warner Brothers Publicity Department) is producing for the New York World's Fair. It is fittingly titled "I'll Tell The World" and is being directed by Lynn Shores and features Frank Albertson, Jed Prouty, the Mauch Twins, Patricia Murray and Betsy Ross Clark.

I've always been curious to know how independently produced pictures (with no studio connections) are made, so I jaunt over to the Ambassador Hotel where they are shooting scenes in and around the Lido Pool. As I come up I notice a big R.C.A. recording truck. Apparently you just lease equipment and go to it.



Scene from "Man About Town,"
with Jack Benny and Rochester.



Frank Albertson, Patricia Murray,
Betsy Ross Clark and Jed Prouty
in "I'll Tell The World."

Inside, although it's the middle of January, I find the cast (with the exception of Mr. Prouty) in bathing suits. "Dick!" squeals Mr. A., catching sight of me.

"Hi, sugar," says Mr. Crooker in a more restrained manner.

Then Mr. Shores calls the cast to go into their dance. The dance, in this instance, is a picnic at the beach. Miss Clark, who is Mrs. Prouty in the picture, is setting out the lunch. Miss Murray is his daughter, the Mauch Twins are his sons and Frank is Miss Murray's suitor. Pat and Miss Clark are gently trying to intimate to the old man that they need a new car and Frank (who is a young advertising man) is trying to sell him on the advantages of advertising. Suddenly a beach ball conks Mr. P. on the bean. He looks around angrily and Billy Mauch runs in to grab the ball.

"Sorry, pop," he apologizes, "we'll throw it the other way next time."

"That's using your head, son—instead of mine," Mr. Prouty returns, somewhat mollified.



Olivia de Havilland and
Errol Flynn in "Dodge City."

To those of you who get to the New York World's Fair, I heartily recommend this picture.

The next important thing that concerns us this month is—

Paramount

MR. CECIL B. DEMILLE has come out of the silences to work on "Union Pacific"—the story of the building of the first great transcontinental railroad. This is not only the first day of shooting on this picture but it is also the 37th anniversary of Mr. DeMille's marriage. Mrs. DeMille is on hand to break a figurative bottle of champagne over the camera. She is always there the first day of shooting on a new picture of her husband's.

The scene is a passenger coach of the middle 60's. It's before the days of sleeping cars and passengers have to sleep sitting up. Barbara Stanwyck is the postmistress for the men building the railroad. As she walks through the car with Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman she sees Ed Pawley, sitting on a bunk in one of the cars where the men who are working on the railroad live. He is about to drink one of the bottles of fire extinguisher hung on the wall.

"'Tis a great railroad that furnishes liquor free," opines Mr. Pawley, preparing to take a swig.

Then Overman takes aim and shoots the bottom out of the bottle.

"Whoosh!" exclaims Mr. Pawley furiously. "Bad cess to ye—ye've ruind the finest whiskey this side of Ireland." With that he reaches for a second bottle.

Overman reaches for his gun again but Barbara rushes past him and grabs Pawley's hand. "No, Dinty!" she expostulates. "'Tis not to drink—it's for putting out fires. It's acid."

"Will it, now?" Pawley grumbles. "Well, I've drunk far worse in Omaha for a quarter a slug."

Joel McCrea, who plays the lead opposite Barbara, is not working today and neither is Brian Donlevy, the villain. I chat with Barbara a few minutes but, as she isn't saying a word as to why she has put her ranch up for sale, I leave her and proceed to the next set where—

Bob Burns is working in "I'm From Missouri." The script on this one isn't finished but apparently Mr. Burns is a Missouri mule raiser and he and his neighbors are all set to sell a flock of mules to the British army. Then they learn the man who came over to buy the mules is in Kansas City and has decided to buy tanks instead. So the Missouri mule raisers in Mr. Burns' neck of the woods chip in, charter an airplane and send Bob and his trained mule to Kansas City to meet the Briton. There is a ball in progress when suddenly the drummer gives a roll and the band-leader raps for attention (that's Gene Morgan).

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he begins, "we have a celebrity with us this evening—one of the most picturesque persons



Patricia Morrison, Bob Burns,
Gladys George and George P.
Huntley in "I'm From Missouri."

who has come to Kansas City in recent years . . . a stockman who is a worthy successor to the Missouri pioneers—the first man to fly a mule to Kansas City—Mr. Sweeney Bliss!" (That's Bob).

Bob pretends to be slightly embarrassed but *I* know it's an act. "Well," he wells, "it's awfully nice of you city people to make a fuss over visitors this way. Actually there's nothin' very remarkable about me and my mule flyin' here in a flyin' machine. After all, we flew the right way and we never once thought we was goin' to Los Angeles."

He talks a little more and then the music starts and Bob starts cutting up capers with Patricia Morrison, who is quite an eyeful.

"You haven't been out to see my new house," Bob begins accusingly.

"I haven't been asked," I retort bluntly and am anxious to see what Bob's retort to this will be. But just then the



Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Over-
man, Ed Pawley and Barbara
Stanwyck in "Union Pacific."



Loretta Young and Sally Blane in "Alexander Graham Bell."

director calls him for another take and I can't wait because there is—

Jack Benny in "Man About Town" nearby. This is really a very touching scene. Jack has invited Binnie Barnes to dinner. *Such* a dinner as he has ordered—and *SUCH* table decorations. But Binnie doesn't show up. In some way, that is not quite clear to me, Jack finds she thinks he is "too solid and respectable."

"Is that so?" he inquires of Rochester. "Just because I was brought up like a gentleman. I'll show her. I can be just as much of a cad as anybody else. . . . Hmm. . . . If I wanted to pick up a strange girl, I'd—" he pauses, pantomimes his meeting with a strange girl, beams and approaches Rochester who is sitting at the table. "Lady Trumley!" Jack ejaculates. "How are you?"

Rochester is puzzled for a moment and looks back of him to see whom Bob is addressing. Then he gets it and turns very haughty as he starts chewing away at the food. "I'm sorry," he announces between chews, "I think you-all must have made a mistake."

"*Not* Lady Trumley?" Jack comes back fatuously. "Don't tell me there could be two women as beautiful as that in the world."

"I'm sorry," Rochester simpers, but—

"Then I most humbly beg your pardon," Jack cuts in. "You



W. C. Fields and John Arledge in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man."

see, I'm Bob Temple—"

"*Not the* Bob Temple," Rochester interrupts in beautiful wide-

eyed amazement.

"Well," Jack stammers, "I suppose you *could* call me *the* Bob Temple. I met Lady Trumley when she was in America last year and when I saw *you* I naturally thought—oh, I'm terribly sorry, Miss—"

"Marshmallow," supplies Rochester helpfully. "Of course, I'm very flattered."

"You know," Jack offers suddenly, "the *stage* needs women like you, Miss Marshmallow."

"Well—won't you sit down and rest your dogs, Mr. Temple?" Rochester invites him generously.

I would like to tarry, but remembering my public I just take the breeze to the next set.

Here "Grand Jury's Secrets" is shooting. It has John Howard and Jane Darwell in the cast. When Mr. Howard entered pictures he announced it was only for long enough to get money to complete his course in medicine. "I hope," said our Mr. Mook vindictively, "he gets it soon." However . . .

The last picture on this lot is "Federal Offense."

Don't ask me what this is about because even Paramount doesn't know. But J. Carroll Naish is a crook, posing as a respectable doctor, and Richard



Richard Greene, Nigel Bruce and Lionel Atwill in "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Carle is implicated in his machinations. Mr. Carle in days gone by (Days, I said, my dears, not YEARS) was one of my favorite musical comedy comedians and he's *still* funny. If you don't believe me, see him in this. And, as that's ALL you'll see at Paramount this month we'll proceed to—

R-K-O

ONLY one picture shooting here, but what a picture. It's "The

public showing of what was the dance craze of the era—The Castle Walk.

There being naught else to see at this studio, we proceed up the street to—

Columbia

NOW, here, my dears, we have TWO pictures going—"Plane No. 4" starring Richard Barthelmess (and it's high time he was being starred again), Cary Grant and Jean Arthur—and "Let Us Live" starring Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Taking them in the order named (Mr. Barthelmess isn't working today, drat it!) we find Cary seated at a piano in a honky tonk cafe in Barranca, Ecuador, with John Carroll leaning over the piano. They're getting ready for a take and the assistant says, "Now, we go. All right, Harry, spray your fog around." So Harry sprays fog until the air looks as smoky as the American Legion Stadium on Friday night.

"Come on, Geoff," Carroll says to Cary, "stop fooling and play something."

"What'll it be?" Cary comes back agreeably.

"Some Of These Days," Carroll suggests.

Cary starts playing some chords when Jean Arthur busts up. "Ugh, no, no," she protests. "There's no B flat. It goes like this," striking a chord.

"What do you want?" Cary demands, none too pleased.



Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry Fonda in "Let Us Live."

Castles" starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in what may very likely be their last picture together. Of course, you young sprouts who go to the cinema nowadays never saw Irene Castle in her prime but take it from an old warhorse there has NEVER been anyone with more chic, more grace or who wore clothes more attractively than she. That baby had class and Ginger has a large order to fill. This is one of the best scripts I have ever read. What endears it to me is that no liberties have been taken, except for the cause of the crash that killed Vernon Castle. And I will say, if anyone could impersonate the Castles it couldn't be anyone but Astaire and Rogers.

This scene I see, is where they are in Paris on their climb to fame—broke—Edna May Oliver, an agent, has promised to get them an engagement at the Cafe de Paris and there they are, at a table with the prospect of a free dinner, when up comes Max Darwyn, the manager.

"Can you dance now?" he inquires.

"Now?" says Fred. "Tonight?"

"I've got a Grand Duke over there," Miss Oliver sniff-sniffs. "If he likes you—you're made."

"But the orchestra—" Ginger protests.

"They can play anything you want," Edna May assures her.

"But our dinner—" Fred protests.

The waiter is about to set a very succulent looking dish on the table but Darwyn waves him away. "Dance first!"

"If he doesn't like us do we still get our dinner?" Ginger inquires cautiously.

"If you feel like it," Darwyn replies indifferently.

"We've nothing to lose, Vernon," she suggests to Fred and then turns to Darwyn, "Tell them to play, 'You're Here and I'm Here.'"

He nods and goes over to the orchestra. The lights dim and they rise.

"Oh, Vernon," Ginger-whispers, "I don't know what to do. This is our big chance and I've forgotten everything."

"Dance with me," he says tenderly, and thus begins the first



Bette Davis as Carlotta and Walter Kingsford as Prince Metternich in "Juarez."

"I came back to get that drink you offered me awhile ago," she smiles.

"Grown up yet?" he hedges.

"Hope so," she grins.

"Big girl now, eh?" he continues and turns to a waiter, signalling for three drinks, and goes on playing chords.

"That's awful," Jean grimaces. "Can't you hear it? No B flat."

"Please go away and sit some place," Cary invites her. "We'll work it out all right."

"Want to hear how it *really* goes?" Jean inquires pleasantly.

"Sure," Cary acquiesces.

"Move over," she orders and Cary slips down to the other end of the piano bench.

"This better be good," he admonishes her.

"It won't sound as corny as you do," she retorts and turns to the orchestra to give them instruc- [Continued on page 68]

Reviews

GUNGA DIN

KIPLING'S FAMOUS YARN HAS ACTION—DRAMA—
COMEDY—THRILLS—RKO

WHAT a wow of a picture this is! Boyoboy, it's just what moving pictures should be. Inspired by Kipling's well known poem, "Gunga Din," the picture relates the adventures of three musketeers, in the Queen's service in India, whose lives are eventually saved, not to mention the lives of the whole British regiment, by a water boy, Gunga Din, whose ambition it is to be a soldier.

The three pals who are sergeant buddies in the same regiment are Cary Grant (with a marvelous Cockney accent), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. Gunga Din is played right up to the hilt by Sam Jaffee.

Douglas wants to marry Joan Fontaine at the end of his stay in the army and go into the tea business, but his two pals see to it that he changes his mind and they trick him into re-signing.

There's plenty of lusty fighting with the natives, and a particularly spectacular fight with the fanatic and murderous wor-



Fans have welcomed "The Great Man Votes" and there is credit enough for all—John Barrymore, Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler.



Romantic Doug Fairbanks, Jr., isn't fooling with that gun. It's a better film than some are, Gunga Din.

shippers of the goddess Kali, who demands all the English blood in India. There's suspense galore, and believe me, there's many a scene where your hair will stand right on end. The photography is breath-taking.

Standing out in the cast are Edward Ciannelli, as the mad leader of the fanatics, Robert Coote, as a smartie pants sergeant, and Montagu Love as the Colonel. The kids will go crazy about this, not to mention every adult with a drop of adventure in his blood.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

A PERFECTLY GRAND PICTURE FOR GROWN-UPS!—MGM

ADAPTED from the Robert Sherwood success, which starred Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, by Robert Sherwood himself, the picture contains all the hearty gusto and magnificent punch of the play, except where the censors stepped in—and you know what censors are these days!

Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are teamed in the picture and deliver a couple of performances that are knock-outs. Even better than the Lunts a lot of people are saying, including myself.

Clark plays a small time hooper back from the war who finds it tough going in the three-a-day with his song and dance routine, so he joins up with a mind-reading act. In Omaha he meets a pretty acrobat, played by Norma, with strong teeth and a vivid imagination, who falls for him and wants to join his act. They part at the railroad station the next day.

The action then changes to the present and to an undefined place high in the mountains of Europe, a focal point of impending war. Here at a smart winter resort hotel we meet a German scientist (Charles Coburn), an ardent young pacifist (Burgess Meredith), an English honeymooning couple (Pat Paterson and Peter Willes), a munitions magnate (Edward Arnold), and an army captain (Joseph Schildkraut). And, also, Clark who has gone back to hoofing with a troupe of girls and is on a Russian tour. And, also, Norma who has become a Russian countess with a superb accent and a blonde wig, and who is traveling with the munitions manufacturer.

Naturally Clark, quite intrigued, faces her with Omaha, she dodges, and there's a lot of funny business until—comes the war. Clark has never been better than he is as Harry Van the hooper, and his dance routines will have you screaming with laughter.

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!



April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"



Spring in the Garden is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."



Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! JEAN STARK (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

**FOLLOW TODAY'S
SMART SKIN CARE—**

**NOW YOU CAN
CREAM EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"**

INTO YOUR SKIN*



Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in Pond's Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.



Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. MISS LUCY ARMISTEAD FLIPPIN, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so make-up looks glamorous!"

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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THE GREAT MAN VOTES

A FINE FILM THAT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT—RKO

JOHN BARRYMORE, who has a perfect field day for himself, plays a scholarly educator who, after his wife's death, turned to drink and has now become a night watchman who spouts the classics. He is adored by his two small children who never lose confidence in him and consider him a "great man."

During a political shake-up in the city he actually attains greatness. It seems that there is an old tradition that as the 13th district goes so goes the election—and the night watchman's shack is the only remaining residence in the 13th district. Before John will consent to vote a shrewd bargain is driven, and his two kids get a chance to crow it over their schoolmates who have bullied them in the past.

Little Peter Holden (brought here from the New York production of "On Borrowed Time") and Virginia Weidler play the two children and give superb performances. Benny Bartlett is sufficiently unpleasant as the brat who bullies them. Donald McBride plays the ward-heeler, Granville Bates a politician, and Katharine Alexander a school teacher. It's a picture you don't want to miss.

AMBUSH

IN WHICH A FAMOUS OPERA STAR DITCHES ART FOR THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE—Par.

THIS is cops and robbers melodrama, but it stands out as one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. Gladys Swarthout, without benefit of song, proves herself quite a capable actress. She plays a secretary in a bank who is the only person to recognize a clue that will lead to the capture of a bunch of bank robbers—but it's a clue that involves her weak, ne'er-do-well brother, William Henry. She tries to make him surrender, but is trapped by the "gang" and forced to commandeer a truck for them in which they escape.

The truck driver is our stalwart Mr.

Lloyd Nolan, and of course a romance ensues, but not until you've seen some pretty fast action.

Ernest Truex gives a brilliant performance as the leader of the gang, who keeps order among his followers armed with nothing more than an umbrella. Broderick Crawford and John Hartley are his killers. Swell bits are contributed by Polly Moran, Rufe Davis, and Raymond Hatton.

This is the picture in which Paramount put the singing Gladys expecting her to break her contract. But she didn't. And maybe she's having the last laugh.

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE

A VERY ENTERTAINING "HOSPITAL" PICTURE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT—MGM

THERE couldn't be a month of pictures without one hospital picture,

could there? No there couldn't, and this is it. It's about a smarty sort of girl who takes up nursing because she thinks it will present her with the opportunity of marrying either a rich doctor or a rich patient.

The chief surgeon falls in love with her right away but he refuses to give up his medical research and go into private practice just to please her, so she throws him over and tries for a wealthy playboy. Just when she has the playboy almost hooked she loses him to her younger sister, and so she comes back to the hospital and makes right all the wrongs she has done—and turns into an A-1 nurse.

Florence Rice is excellent as the girl, and so are Alan Marshall as the surgeon and Kent Taylor as the playboy. The other three girls in white who train at the hospital with Florence are Una Merkel,



Ernest Truex, Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. A scene in "Ambush," the picture that has stirred so much talk in Hollywood because the grand opera star has no solos.



The reason so many patients get well is that the nurses look so pretty in those caps, but that has nothing to do with the entertaining "Four Girls in White."

A Test for "Model Wives"

Beware of the **ONE NEGLECT***
that sometimes kills Romance!



Are you a good housekeeper?



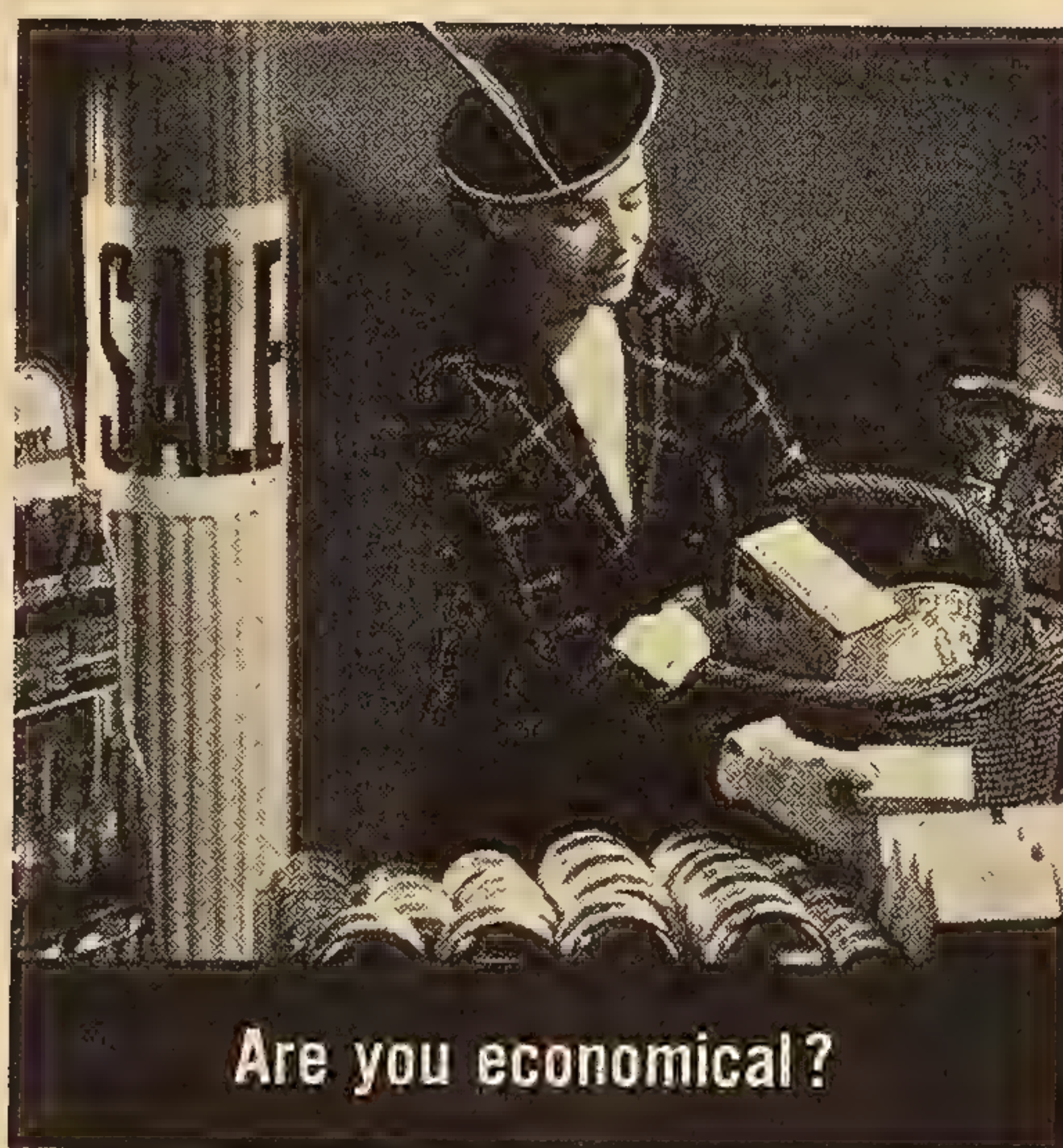
Do you take care of your looks?



Are your meals appetizing?



Do you avoid nagging?



Are you economical?

Are you always
careful about
Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance)
on this question means
that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There *are* women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects *herself* is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene . . . with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. S.S.-904, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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*When your
Stomach
feels upset*

Turn it
RIGHT SIDE UP
with
Alka-Seltzer

● See how a bubbling glass of Alka-Seltzer will quickly help put you "right side up" when an upset stomach, attack of Acid Indigestion or a Headache makes you feel miserable.

● Alka-Seltzer is DOUBLY effective because it offers relief in TWO ways. Its analgesic action relieves pain and discomfort promptly and its alkalizing qualities help to neutralize any existing excess acid condition. Get a 30c or 60c package at any Drug Store.



*Be Wise -
Alka-Seltzerize*

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TO BE SET TO MUSIC

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BACHELOR OF MUSIC

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*Brush Away
GRAY HAIR*

..AND LOOK TEN
YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



Food For Lent

Irene Dunne takes pleasure in arranging the flowers on her dinner table.

(All recipes kitchen-tested)

**Interesting Meals
Can Be Planned With-
out The Use Of Meat.**

By Ruth Corbin

MOST of us are inclined to regard Lent as a season of fast. Actually, it can be one of feast . . . a feast of all the grand dishes which at other seasons slip into the background because of juicy roasts, turkey, fried chicken, and other similar foods. The following recipes will prove that Lenten meals can be as colorful, as gay, as taste-provoking and satisfying as those of any other season.

First, of course, let us consider new ways to prepare fish. Next, remember that canned salmon is a lenten favorite and lends itself to greater variety of preparation than almost any other item of food . . . from salad to a casserole main dish. Dairy products and spaghetti come in for their share of attention in these recipes. I hope you like them.

PLANKED FISH SAVANNAH

To a pound of any desired fish add one-half a cup of Borden's evaporated milk in top of double boiler. Add 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 bay leaf and heat. Blend 3 tablespoons butter and 4 tablespoons flour and add to hot liquid, stirring until smooth. Cook 10 minutes, stir in 2 beaten egg yolks, ½ teaspoon butter, dash pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped pickle, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Cool and combine with 1 pound cooked, flaked fish.

Shape into 6 cutlets, roll in flour, then in slightly beaten whites of 2 eggs, then in 2 cups fine bread crumbs. Place cutlets in center of greased plank or heat-proof platter; dot with butter. Border with mashed potatoes and continue outer border around plank to make 2 pockets. Brown in hot oven (450° F.). Remove from fire, fill one pocket with cooked spinach and the other with small whole beets in drawn butter. Plank may be further decorated around cutlets with chopped hard-cooked eggs if desired. With this plank dinner serve—

TWO-WAY SALAD

Soften 1 tablespoon Knox gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. When thoroughly dissolved add 2 cups cottage cheese which has been seasoned with ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika and mixed with ⅓ cup thick salad dressing and ½ cup cream or evaporated milk. Turn into wet ring, mold and chill until firm. Unmold on serving plate covered with crisp lettuce or cress. Fill center with either of the following mixtures:

VEGETABLE FILLING

- 1 cup shredded raw cabbage
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped peanuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained, diced pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated raw carrot
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery

This may be moistened with any thick salad dressing.

FRUIT FILLING

- 2 cups fresh strawberries
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roughly chopped brazil or pecan nuts
- 1 cup drained, diced pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained, diced orange
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drained, diced grapefruit

Mix this with either a thick salad dressing or a whipped cream dressing made by blending mayonnaise and whipped cream with combined juices of fruits used. This makes a complete meal for any occasion when served with an appetizer of tomato juice and a luscious—

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

- $\frac{1}{2}$ box Knox gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 can Dole's grated pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- Whip firm 3 cups cream

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat pineapple; add sugar, lemon juice, and soaked gelatine. Chill in pan of ice water, stirring constantly. When it begins to thicken

fold in whipped cream. Mold and chill.

In New England codfish cakes for breakfast are a great favorite. Try them for variety. You can buy them in cans ready to put in the pan or make them yourself by boiling 2 cups salted codfish 20 minutes, drain dry and flake. Combine with 2 cups diced potatoes boiled only until done then riced. Beat in 2 egg yolks last. Cool. Make into cakes, drop into bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Nice also for breakfast or for a hot sandwich is scrambled eggs and salmon. Heat salmon well before breaking desired number of eggs into pan.

HOT CROSS BUNS

Dissolve 1 cake Fleischmann's yeast in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water. Add 1 cup scalded milk to 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco. Cool to lukewarm and combine with yeast. Add 2 cups sifted Heckers flour, beat well and let rise until light. Add 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, knead and put into a large greased bowl. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Shape into small round buns and place close together in a greased pan. Raise until double in bulk. With sharp knife cut a cross through top surface of bun. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, brush with melted butter and continue baking 5 minutes. Cool on rack. If desired, brush each bun with a frosting of confectioners' sugar moistened with water. Total time of preparation about 5 hours.

RING OF PLENTY

Combine 2 cups cooked spaghetti, cut or in lengths, 2 cups diced cheese, 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 3 tablespoons minced pimientos, 2 tablespoons melted Crisco, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 well beaten egg, salt and pepper. Put in ring mold well greased with Crisco. Place in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until firm—about 35 minutes. Unmold. Serve hot. This makes an appetizing one dish meal when filled with buttered peas and creamed tuna fish, or any left over meat or fish. Garnish platter with slices of Dole's pineapple and wedges of tomatoes.

CURRIED EGGS AND PEAS

- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup minced onion
- 4 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- 1 can peas
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons curry powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup bouillon or consomme
- 6 hard-boiled eggs

Cook onion in butter 3 minutes. Blend in flour and seasoning. Add milk gradually. Add stock; cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add drained peas and eggs cut in halves. Heat thoroughly; do not boil. Just before serving add few drops lemon juice. Arrange border of hot boiled rice on hot platter, pour curried eggs in center.

AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?



OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?

WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!

MY BREATH!

UH-HUH. 'CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED. AN' HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

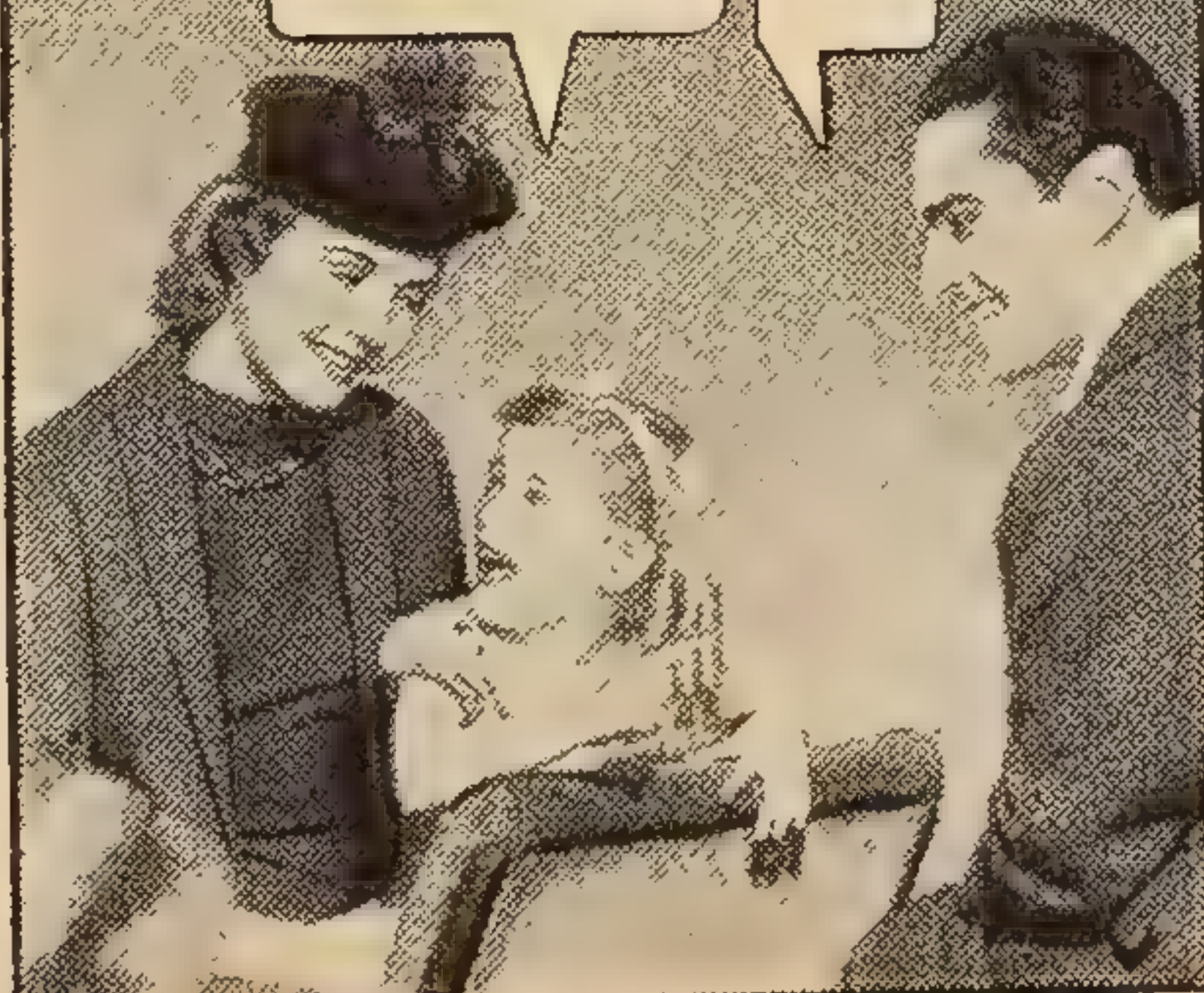


"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

IS HE REALLY GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTIE MAY?

YES, SALLY, I REALLY AM!



BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—
PLAY SAFE! USE
COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"HOW IN THE WORLD
DOES THE BOSS
REST WHILE WORKING
SO HARD?"



HERE'S HOW he does it. He keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum on his desk. What a pleasant way to relieve the tension!



One of America's
GOOD habits

Beech-Nut



Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Any Excuse for a Party

[Continued from page 25]

democratically, as the Rathbone's. Following the unfolding of the picture everyone repaired to the Trocadero which he had also rented for the evening. Champagne, sparkling Burgundy, Scotch, Rye, Bourbon, Gin, and Brandy flowed like water. In fact, I'll venture to say that a lot of those present hadn't drunk as much water in a year as they drank liquor that night.

For the occasion, the prodigal Mr. Zanuck imported Governor Happy Chandler from Kentucky, along with his wife, two daughters, lieutenant general and his wife and, in fact, his entire staff. The Honorable Happy stole the show and proved that because a man is a politician doesn't mean that he cannot also be a prince of a fellow. He even sang "My Old Kentucky Home" and while his singing may not have caused any Metropolitan Opera stars any worry, his ease of delivery and the happy contagion of his delivery may well have given them—and some of our Hollywood actors, too—food for thought.

When the Hon. Mr. Chandler was finally permitted to resume his seat (and dinner) Gracie Fields was led to the mike and knocked the guests for a row of clothespins, not only with her songs (which were applauded to the echo) but with her costume which was more startling than striking. The affair was as formal as Watson & Son, Eddie Schmidt, Irene, Bess Schlink and all the other tailors and modistes of Hollywood could make it. Miss Fields (reputedly the highest paid actress in the world), appeared in a lavender sweater with short sleeves and a gray wool crepe skirt with a train. A slightly risqué line in one of her songs brought down the roof. "Ah," smiled Miss Fields, "I see what you want, but I always start by being refeeden." To the disappointment of the guests she kept right on being refeeden, and the fact that she was kept singing for a good three-quarters of an hour was a tribute to her artistry rather than her song writers.

No less a factor than that a picture finished shooting on Friday, the 13th, served as an excuse for Warner Brothers to toss a party. It was a "Jinx" party, and was held on one of the stages at noon-time. The only entrances were under ladders. Wherever you looked there were open umbrellas and black cats. There were beds for people who are superstitious about throwing hats on beds. Bruce Cabot always (so his publicity agent says) spends Friday, the 13th, in bed. He was wheeled in on a hospital stretcher and put into one of the beds . . . for safe keeping. A jinx-defying gent sailed a hat towards the bed and the brim cut Bruce across the eye.

Some people are superstitious about whistling in dressing rooms. Glenn Tryon (the director) is one, although he wasn't there. For such as those, however, there was a small dressing room with a skeleton, wearing naught else but a derby, suspended from the ceiling. Every time you opened the door there was a loud whistle. Matches exploded when you struck them, cigars and cigarettes ex-

ploded when you lit them. The pretzels were rubber and the beer was awful. There was a shooting gallery and the targets were mirrors, but none of the guests had a chance to buck fate because John Payne didn't give anyone else a chance, and don't believe any pictures you see of Bonita Granville with a gun in her hands shooting at them. The only thing lacking to make the Jinx party an overwhelming success was Bing Crosby's racehorses.

The week-end is all the excuse Glenda Farrell needs for tossing a get-together. Glenda and her boy friend of the moment, Mary Brian and hers form the nucleus. These little Sunday catch-as-catch-cans are called "Jam Sessions" and are ostensibly given for Glenda's son Tommy. There is an electrical kitchen in the rumpus room and Glenda prepares all the food herself. The inner man attended to, Tommy and his schoolmates demonstrate the latest collegiate steps and Glenda and Mary stay young with youth. Some of the young 'uns to be found around there are Anne Nagel, Marsha Hunt, Jerry Hopper and Judy Garland.

Jeanette MacDonald never goes anywhere while she's working on a picture and, as her pictures usually take months to make, by the time one is finished Jeanette is practically in a dither for a little excitement. Her parties run more to intimate gatherings than large affairs. The food is excellent and after dinner there are games, games—and more games. Among those usually found at her parties are Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin (when he's in town), Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, Nelson Eddy, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown, Lily Pons, when she's in town, and Grace Moore, ditto, with Valentine Parera (her husband).

Most Hollywood celebs seize on some pretext for giving a party. Just to be different, Eddie Norris, Dick Purcell and Robert Wilcox gave a "No Reason Party." And likewise, although only a scant 250 were invited, for "No Reason" 400 came. The young bloods and many (not invited) "in but not of" Hollywood cut up capers to the tunes of the Rhumba Band at La Conga. In fact, although the party was from three to six, many of them cut up such capers they couldn't leave and when the party was over they went right on cutting up capers at their own expense and, if you ask me, that's what constitutes throwing a successful party.

There are no more hospitable and party-loving souls in our fair capital than the Pat O'Briens. When they first arrived in Hollywood Eloise always had to see that there was a ten gallon pot of pork and beans on the stove every Sunday because she never knew how many people would show up (whom Pat had invited) before the day was over. Of course there were many and varied other viands but when you don't know how many to prepare for, a ten gallon pot of anything gives you a reassuring feeling. One of their most successful parties was occasioned by nothing more than Mr. Bing Crosby's entrance into the sport of kings. I mean racing. He called Mr. O'Brien on the phone one bright Sunday morn. "Pat," said Bing, "I gotta coupla jockeys and their girl friends coming out this P.M.

They won't get any kick out of seeing the little woman (that's Mrs. Dixie Lee Crosby) and me because they already know us. D'ya mind if I bring 'um down?"

"Why, hell, no," said Pat. "Come right ahead."

"He must mean I should give a party," Pat soliloquized when he hung up the phone, "because *we're* not celebrities." So, first he called a barbecue artist and ordered him to bring out steaks and trimmings for an 'unknown quantity' of people. Then he started calling friends and when dusk fell and the Crosbys arrived with the jockeys and their girl friends, the O'Brien lawn was more star-studded than the heavens.

It was at this gala function I ran into people I hadn't seen in years and haven't seen since. And it was at this party that a film comic, now well known to picture audiences but totally unknown to them at the time, met his Waterloo. He had just finished his first picture in which Wally Ford also appeared. We'll call the comic Mr. X. so as not to confuse him with the previously mentioned Mr. Z. in this article (because I have a high regard for Mr. Zanuck).

Mr. X. was determined to be a hit in pictures and he stepped on everybody's lines, backed up on everyone and made himself a general nuisance. Late in the afternoon Martha (Wally's wife) introduced their little daughter Patsy to him. "Dear," she cooed, with icicles in her voice, "this is Mr. X."

"Oh, I know you," Patsy piped up shrilly. "You're the man who stands between my daddy and the camera!"

And it was at this same party that Frank McHugh, looking at a queue of about 125 people standing in line waiting to be served with barbecued steaks, remarked confidentially to Pat, "You don't have to worry, pal. This place is catching on."

Yea, verily, brethren and sistern, anything serves as an excuse for a party in Hollywood or, for that matter, for breaking one up.

Nothing more than the approaching opening of the Santa Anita racing season served as an excuse for a party by Mrs. Liz Whitney. Cocktails were to be served at her stables because it was a "Stable Party." The cocktails were duly served. But shortly afterwards—ah, woe is me!—Mr. Errol Flynn knocked Mr. Adrian Roark (the Polo Player) into a cocked hat. Although I was not present (nor even invited, mind you) I am told that the party broke up then and there and the dinner that had been ordered at Victor Hugo's went begging. There were no takers.

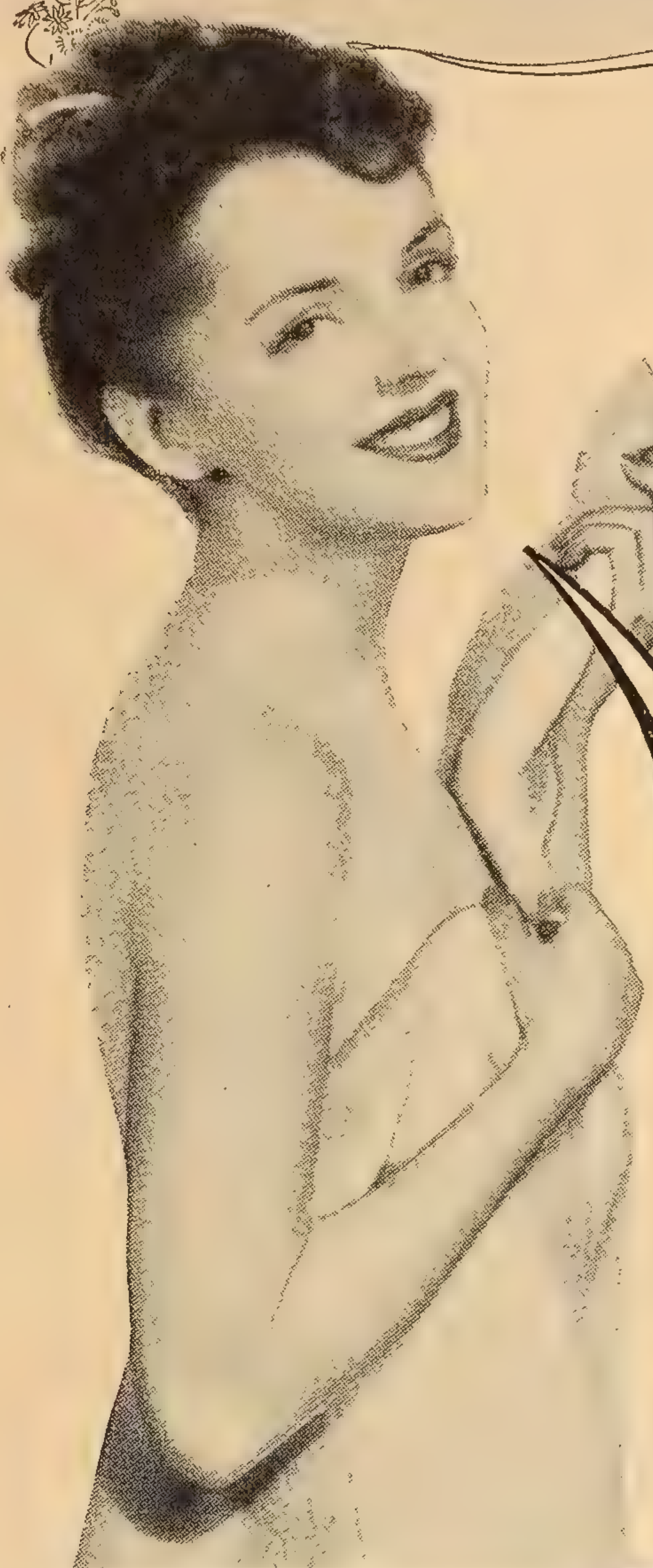
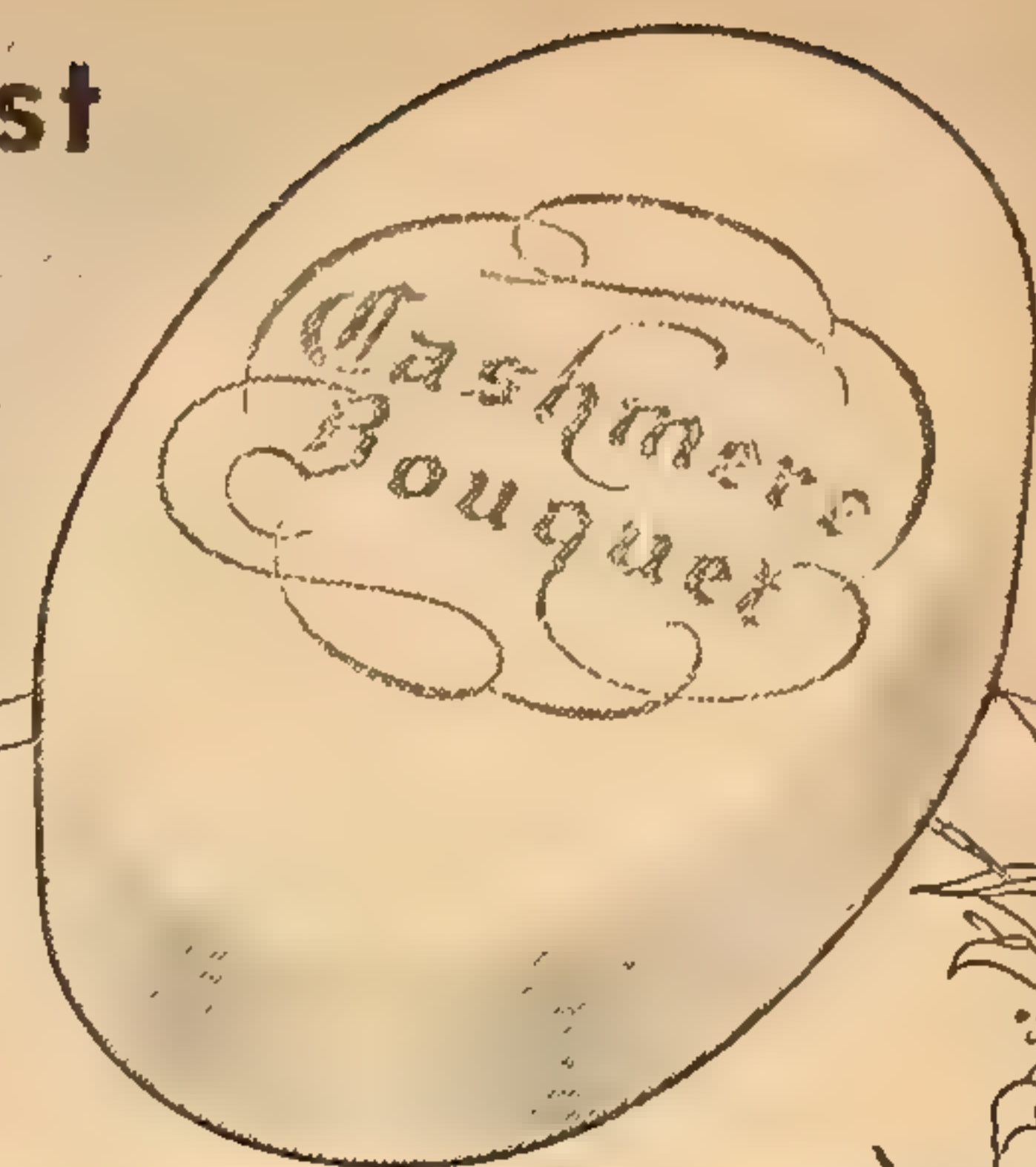
Every Actor Leads Three Lives

[Continued from page 21]

ton and are excellent illustrations of that ability. Muni, like Laughton, rehearses his lines over and over and over again. Then Muni reads them into a machine that records his voice, and plays it back so that he can evaluate each inflection of voice, each interpretation of a word.



Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!



**THIS MIGHT BE
YOUR NIGHT!**

**SO, BEFORE THAT DATE,
BE SURE TO BATHE WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

MEN FIND FRAGRANT SKIN SO ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP. FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!



YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST THING THAT EVER CAME INTO MY LIFE! SO SWEET, SO COMPLETELY ADORABLE! SHALL WE MAKE IT A WEDDING, DARLING?



IT'S TOO BAD ALL GIRLS DON'T KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP—THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!

I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!



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at drug, department
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THE LOVELIER SOAP

WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME



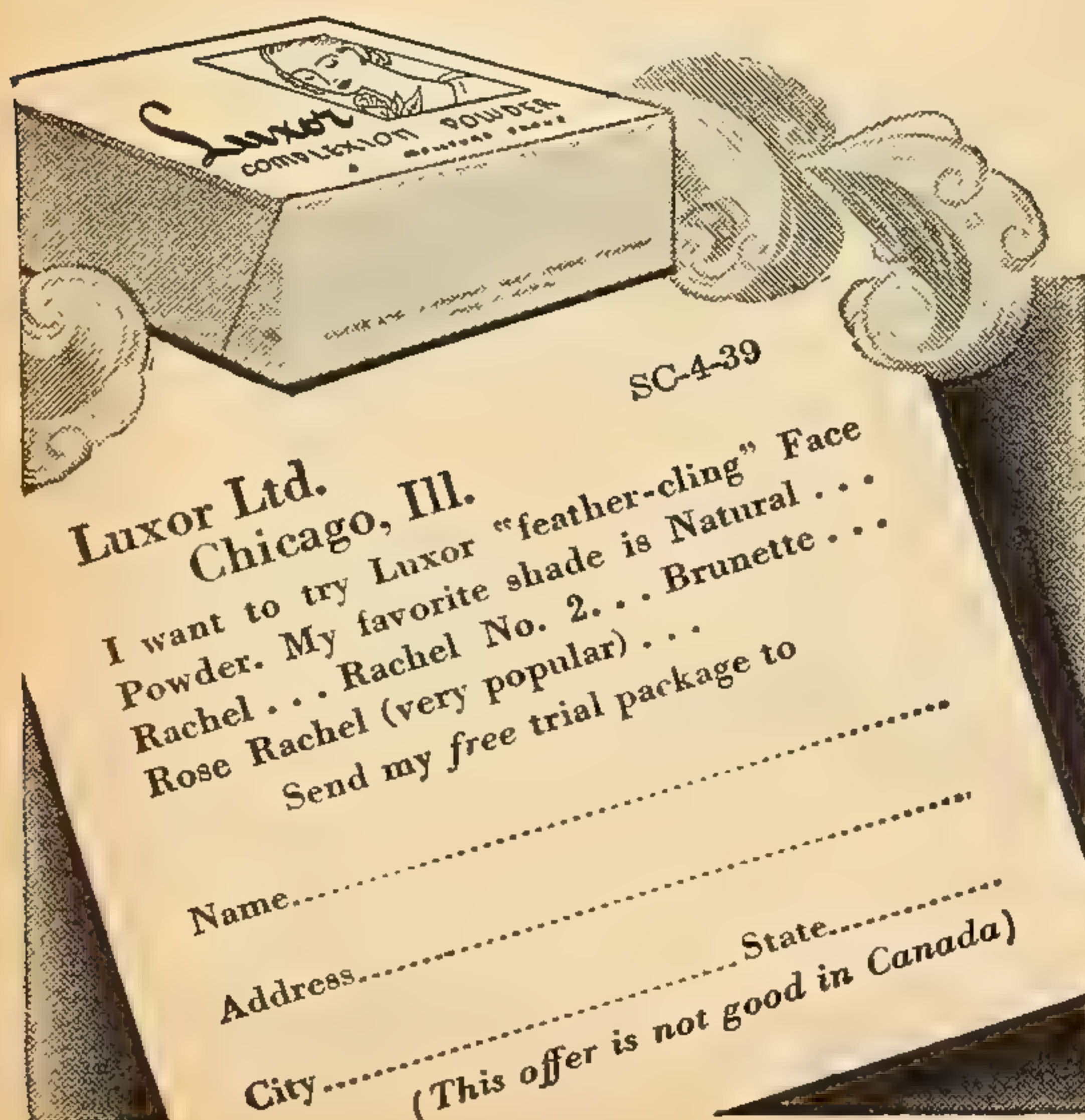
A heavy date
calls for

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in face powder!

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The face powder that sits
lightly... stays on smoothly!

When a man's eyes search your face let them see a clear, vivid complexion without a trace of powdered look. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch that stays on smoothly all day. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that flatters without showing. In five smart shades 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.



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I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural...
Rachel... Rachel No. 2... Brunette...
Rose Rachel (very popular)...

Send my free trial package to

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

(This offer is not good in Canada)

Now if you and I did this, the process would become so monotonous that words and lines would lose all their meaning. When the cameras started rolling, we'd sound like poll-parrots mouthing words that had lost all identity because we had said them over and over so many times. Yet Muni on the screen is all fire and finesse. Each speech he reads is a gem of perfect understanding. His speech to the jury in "Zola" was so thrilling that you sat up erect in your seat. You'd never believe, hearing that magnificent speech and the others that he made, that Muni had worked to perfect them for months—and when the cameras started rolling clothed the framework of words with the blood and flesh that made them significant. That is technique. It is also high art. Laughton studies and rehearses in much the same fashion.

When "Mutiny on the Bounty" was being filmed, the boats often put in at Catalina island overnight. Director Frank Lloyd tells me that far into the night he could hear Laughton walking slowly back and forth, and the drone of his voice through the ceiling indicated his laborious and conscientious preparation. Like Muni, Laughton reads his lines into a machine that makes a record of them and then plays it back for his super-critical analysis of values. Perhaps that is why Muni and Laughton are the stylists of the profession, each performance emerging as finely balanced as the workings of a watch. Like the expert watchmaker, who conceals the things that make a watch go 'round, Muni and Laughton disguise their technique and show only the polished result.

You are not startled when stage products like Tracy, Muni, Laughton, Gable, Margaret Sullavan, Alice Brady and Lewis Stone, to mention but a few, exhibit technique. It is more amazing when such screen products as Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Alice Faye, and Ginger Rogers, who had no theatre training, prove that it can be acquired, without a backlog of legitimate theatre experience for fuel. It is startling, too, when a Don Ameche, product of radio, bobs up with performances that are keyed to a nicety. Again you can save your wonder at these instances, because here again you have the answer in the individual's inborn sense of dramatic values.

Charles Boyer has still another explanation: "The idea is to think a line before you say it and as you say it," says the French star. If, for instance, you say "I am sick," and think of what you are saying, the tone of your voice, the timing of the line and the expression on your face will mirror the thought. Your voice will express the way you feel, the slowness of the line will accent the impression of sickness and the expression in your eyes will be that of a sick person.

Basil Rathbone has an answer that is less flattering, but perhaps equally truthful: "All actors are born exhibitionists," he tells you, with conviction. "We like to show off in front of other people. That is why we are at our best when we are in the spotlight, and unhappiest when it is not on us."

Somewhere in all of this, there is the true explanation of the third phase of an actor's life, his professional side.

Headfirst in Beauty

[Continued from page 10]

Then add the helpful aids I suggest later on. Follow the simple plan of a weekly shampoo, or at least every ten days, a hundred strokes or more from that brush daily, resetting or curling as you need it, and watch a revelation of new beauty in hair.

There are many good shampoos in varying forms, but if you want to save personal experimentation, you will make a note now to buy a bottle of Drene. Drene comes in two types, Regular Drene for normal or oily hair and Special Drene for Dry Hair. It is a liquid that you apply to hair wet in cold or warm water, work up a lather, rub vigorously, rinse well from the hair and that is all. No extra rinse is necessary. Dry as usual, and see a richness of color, a sheen and satiny texture that will delight you. Drene is very economical both in price and by the fact that only from a half to a tablespoon of the shampoo is required. The lather is full and profuse to give that wonderful sense of cleanliness.

I have asked a great number of women with lovely hair what they use, and the number who answer, "Drene," is surprising. If you are the type with dry, lusterless, hard to manage hair, you will find Special Drene for Dry Hair a blessing. It leaves hair soft, silky, shining and so easy to manage. How many of us with this type of hair postpone the shampoo, meanwhile feeling unhappy about our dull, dusty curls, hoping the Big Date won't come just then, simply because we dread those first three or four days when our hair, though clean, is wiry and unkempt looking. You needn't fear this with Drene.

The small forward hats we've been wearing and apparently will continue to wear, now in straw or fabric, with flowers, birds, fruit or bows, expose the greater part of the head. Imagine, from experience with your face and neck at the end of the day, how much dust this exposed hair picks up! The brush is really more important now than ever. For in addition to stimulating circulation, giving your hair lustre, it will also remove much of that dust, especially if you will wipe your brush now and then as you use it.

If you want a fluffy, fine look to that hair, separate it into strands and brush up, away from your scalp in long, sweeping strokes. This carries excess oil off each strand. If you wish to encourage a little more oil, then after brushing as above, finish with strokes on the scalp as your hair naturally lies. As a suggestion, all brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have splendid brushing facility, are beautifully made to withstand long, hard use and many washings. This is a fine brush to buy. They range from fairly inexpensive to luxurious ones, but whenever you buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic brush, you may count upon very long wear, as I know from personal experience.

Suppose you're shampooed and brushed, what now? Why not try making some soft fluffy curls or setting some nice waves? You need to dampen the hair, and about the nicest thing I know for this is Nestle Curling Lotion, to use with home curlers. It's a light lotion, almost like water, but



The lady with her head turned from us is Frieda Inescourt. You can't blame her for wanting to show off her smart coiffure, with the almost invisible hairnet keeping it just so.

what soft sheen and lovely, springy curls it makes. There is no residue left on the hair or gummy feeling. The bottle mouth is wide, so you may conveniently dip your comb into it. It is not drying, so you needn't fear harsh hair ends from its use. These, it helps correct.

For curls, you'll find the Hollywood Comb Curler a great help. All in one, the comb and curler, this is easy to use, parts can't get lost, is easy to keep clean and makes the type of curl you can easily adjust as to size and arrangement. Inexpensive and for sale in chain stores.

With the curls of today, high, wide and handsome, casual bob or suave, sculptured close to the head, an old friend has come back—the Venida hair net. A net that is practically invisible to the eye, yet keeps every whirl and curl perfectly in place. Frieda Inescourt is wearing a net over her smart coiffure, but you'd never guess it. The "AdjuStyle" is as right for the upswept hair as for the bob or bun, though there is also the cap model, if you prefer that. Until you've tried a net, you don't know how long the perfect arrangement of your hair can last. There are sixteen shades in these nets, each with easy instructions for adjusting. Use the single mesh for general wear, but the double mesh is a boon at bedtime. Under these protective meshes, your coiffure goes to bed and sleeps in perfect order throughout the night. Many find the cap more suited to sleeping than the "AdjuStyle."

As to styles, an upward feeling remains. Many who have accustomed themselves to high hair, undoubtedly will continue if it has proved becoming. The prominent hairdressers say shorter bobs with upward swirls at front and clusters of tight curls at the back. Remember this, though, that your coiffure can be only as lovely as your hair, itself.

Errol Flynn rode the President's horse at the Fort Meyer, Va., Horse Show. Few people know that that horse had a rider, a real rider. You will never see a double on Errol's horses—for a double can't ride well enough to represent him.

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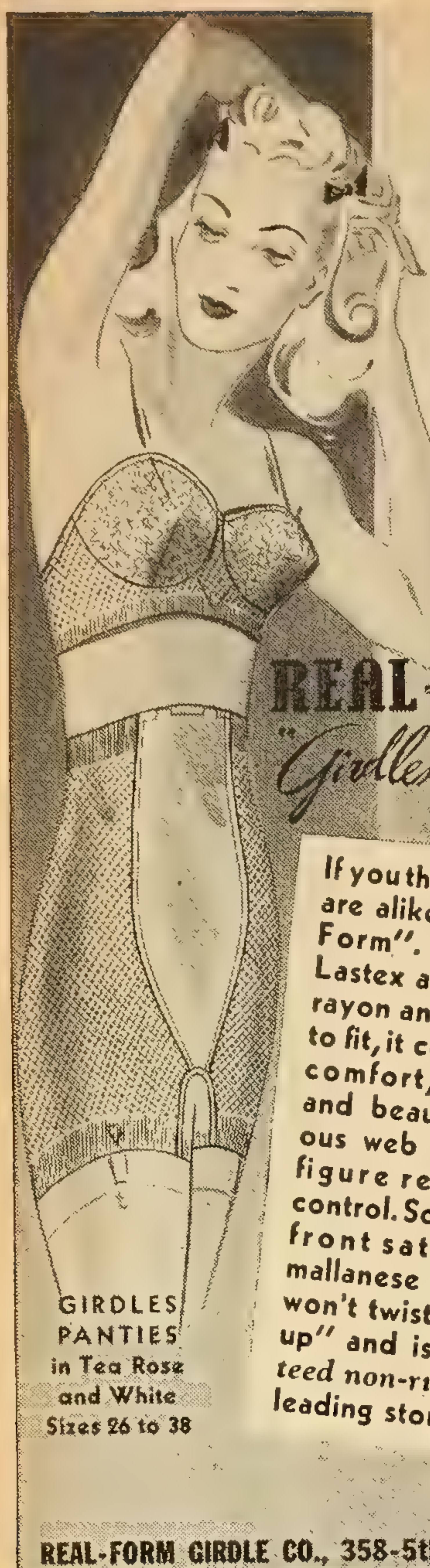
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We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The complete formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

Tested in the Hollywood Crucible

[Continued from page 33]

been tested for this picture include Maurice Murphy (Tony Hamilton), Paulette Goddard, Elizabeth Whitney, Vivian Leigh and Carole Lombard. The purpose of these tests was to determine which players were most perfectly adapted to the roles.

The character test seems to puzzle fans. They ask: "Why should Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert or William Powell make tests? Don't producers know they can act?"

But indubitably, my dears! Producers may seem to have strange ideas, but most of them are pretty wise men, you know. The fact that an actor is a ripping comedian does not indicate that he can do Hamlet. There was nothing in the highly dramatic "Stella Dallas" of Barbara Stanwyck to show that she could be amazingly funny as "The Mad Miss Manton."

Basil Rathbone, tired of being used as a threat to naughty children, yearns for sweetness and light—a chance to prove that beneath the famous sneer lies a heart of gold. When "Dark Victory" was being cast he asked to make a test for the male lead. He won the test—perhaps he frightened Warner Brothers into it—and although George Brent got the part, Basil proved his point. He is quite competent to do straight leads. Don't be surprised if you see Bad Bold Basil blossoming forth as a gentle lover any day now!

Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford, both song and dance girls, almost begged on their knees before they were given tests which proved their ability as dramatic actresses.

Perhaps the only nice thing about screen tests is the manner in which crews and players co-operate to bolster up the morale of jittery newcomers. Often an established star will make a test, simply to help some lesser player.

I brought up this subject the other night at the Jimmy Ellisons' house—quite a party the Ellisons had—Anita Louise was there with Buddy Adler, Paula Stone with Peter Willes, (you know, the young Englishman with the nice eyes in "Dawn Patrol"), Betty Grable with her Jackie, Joy Hodges, Lee Bowman, Anne Shirley, Johnny Payne and lots of others. They had a regular contest telling their test experiences while we sat around the playroom fire and toasted marshmallows.

Jimmy, popping a dripping confection into the mouth of his wife, Gertie, told how Ginger Rogers bucked him up during a test. It was a warm day, Jimmy wore a felt hat and winter overcoat for the scene, and with all that and a swell case of stage-fright, perspiration was rolling off him in rivers while his knees crashed together like cymbals. In the midst of a clinch, Ginger broke away from him and giggled: "Why the heck don't you take off your coat, you lug?" Everyone on the set howled. Jimmy completely forgot his nerves in the merriment, and the test was so successful that it contributed definitely to his career.

Love scenes seem to be favorite selections for tests. Paula Stone tells how she stood in the middle of a set one day and a perfectly strange man rushed up, grabbed her and planted a hearty smack on her lips. Paula, backing away, hauled off and planted an equally hearty smack of another sort on his cheek. She didn't learn until later that the cameras were grinding, the kiss was part of the test, and the director had merely overlooked the little formality of introducing to her the man who was to kiss her!

I asked the crowd if they felt shy or embarrassed when making osculatory scenes with stars. "We don't have time," Peter Willes said. "We're too busy to bother about shyness. Merle Oberon and I played a passionate love scene for a recent test and I was so nervous that I didn't realize until afterward that a life-long ambition—to hold Merle in my arms—had come true and I hadn't even been conscious enough to enjoy it!"

There is one famous case of test kisses turning into real ones—that of Garbo and John Gilbert at the beginning of their careers. That was a long time ago, but it still seems worthy of recording that, when making a kiss test, they become so engrossed in their job that long after the shot was finished, the director had yelled cut and the lights been turned off, Garbo and Gilbert were still entwined in each other's arms completely oblivious to what was going on around them.

Paula Stone proved with the following story that tests can become pretty tiring. "In 'Idiot's Delight' I'm one of the girls who dance with Clark Gable, then pick him up and carry him off-stage. We had been rehearsing all day and were practically dead on our feet. Finally, not caring what happened any longer, we went through our paces, danced off with Gable and, the moment we got out of camera range, all gave up with one accord and let go of our burden. He landed with a plop! Being Gable, he laughed so hard that he couldn't get up for a full minute. Director Clarence Brown thought it funny, insisted on using it in the picture, and we spent the next two days carrying Gable around and dropping him. Gee, I'd hate to be that man and have to sit down right now! Just to add insult to injury, Mr. Brown cracked that we might be the Gable Glamour Girls in the morning, but we were certainly the Dead End kids after five o'clock!"

Having Pleasant Dreams

[Continued from page 51]

named Ross. During that pre-university period when I was giving my concerts, I applied for a job at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and I had to choose a name quickly. A fortune teller had once told me that s's and r's in a name were lucky so the Ross jumped out all of a sudden. Naturally, Shirley was the name I'd pick to go with it. Besides, I had my future planned and I wanted to keep the name Bernice Gaunt for the concert work I intended doing."

A tall man dressed in gray approached our table. Shirley's eyes lit up and she smiled.

"This is my husband, Mr. Dolan," she said, her eyes never leaving his face . . . and her voice when she said it sounded like bells. Instantly I captured the meaning of the vital expectancy which had intrigued me all afternoon.

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Three months. Tell me," she said, with a tongue-in-cheek sort of smile, "why do interviewers never write about my twinkling eyes or my golden hair?"

"Probably," I replied, "because they sense that you are really a very practical person. You are, aren't you?" I pressed when she didn't answer.

"Oh, am I! Inside, outside, underneath and all around."

"Well, there you are. What do you expect?"

"I'd like to hear it just once anyway. I'd get a kick out of having Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer adjectives used on me even if they aren't true."

"What can you do with a woman like that?" spoke up Ken Dolan. "She is always herself. That's one of the things I like about her. She never acts when out of the studio."

This conversation naturally led to a discussion of marriage. Shirley's views were interesting and worth passing on both as an individual and as a future star, because some day Shirley's name will rank alongside of Lombard, Colbert, Crawford and others of similar magnitude.

She didn't gush and drip honey because

she was a very new bride. There was at no time any sentimental goo between her and Ken Dolan. They behaved as thoroughly sensible adults should. Only Shirley's eyes when they met his told what was in her heart. Except that she called him "darling," like a whispered caress, they might have been married three years instead of three months.

"I'm not making any statements for publication about my marriage," she said. "I think that Hollywood is afraid of normal marriages. They are so used to everything they do being heralded by a blast of publicity they neither understand nor trust normal things. But I think they have mostly had this situation wished on them. Everyone who marries must make adjustments. All couples, if they are human have differences."

This was the practical Shirley Ross talking; this was the girl whose sister-in-law had said of her "she is easy to live with because she hasn't an ounce of temperament in her body"; the girl who, away from the make-up kit, forgets to act. The strange combination of a practical girl with glamour. In fact, she is one of the few glamour girls who do not need to be fixed up for the Hollywood trade. She has in looks what it takes for success, an edge on ability and the level-headedness to put it across.

Shirley was discovered at the swank Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives and signed to a contract. She made her screen debut in "What Price Jazz." But that studio overlooked her possibilities and she never seemed to get anywhere though she

was seen in several pictures.

Later, she broke into prominence in Bing Crosby's "Waikiki Wedding," singing, with Bing, two of the picture's hit numbers. But the picture which definitely established Shirley was "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

Shirley told me how the director, Mitchell Leison, was stuck on how to bring Bob Hope and Shirley, his ex-wife in the picture, back together naturally. He called in the song writers and told them to write a song to turn the trick.

"But," said the composers, "the score is all finished."

"That's all right," said the director, "I don't want you to write another song. I just want you to set a scene to music."

From that came the song "Thanks For the Memory" and Shirley and Bob sang it so delightfully Paramount decided to co-star them in a picture of that name.

Shirley is currently to be seen in "Paris Honeymoon" with Bing Crosby. She is one of the few leading women to play repeat engagements with Crosby. I believe only Mary Carlisle has ever done so. After that comes "Cafe Society." Shirley hopes, (some day), to draw a part like the Ethel Merman one in "Anything Goes" which she had the good fortune to play on the road.

"It is just the type of thing I can go to town in," she told me.

Well, perhaps. But if you ask me Shirley Ross has done a pretty good job of "going to town" in all the pictures she has helped to glorify. And it is fairly certain that this is "only the beginning . . . only the beginning . . ."

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I'LL PUT ON A FASHION SHOW ALL FOR
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NOW, HONEY, HOW DO I LOOK? DON'T
TELL ME — "LIKE
A HOUSEWIFE!"

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 55]

tions. Then what I mean to say is she and the orchestra really tear into that old number until I, who practically introduced it when it was first written (a little off-key, I will admit) stand there agog and amazed.

When the scene is finished Cary shows an inclination to chat—an inclination which I share but which time will not permit me to indulge. So I trek on to the next set.

Miss Maureen O'Sullivan spots me as I put in an appearance. Quite a snappy appearance, I thought it was, too, in my new suit purchased at the January clearance sales. But Miss O'S. apparently doesn't view me as I view myself.

"Why, Dick!" she exclaims. "How awful you look. Have you been ill?"

"Well, not exactly," I stutter, "You see, since you quit writing my column for me I've been driven to drink."

"It would be news," Miss O'S. announces tartly, "if something drove you from drink."

Mr. Henry Fonda stands there blinking and saying nothing. He hasn't remembered me since Andy Devine introduced us on the set of "Way Down East" five years ago, as follows: "Hank, I want you to meet Dick Mook. Dick is one of the sweetest guys on earth when he likes you and one of the worst heels in history when he doesn't." Mr. Fonda is taking no chances, not one way or the other.

The scene I watch is unimportant so there's no use taking up your time with it but it's a good picture and it's Maureen's last before her baby comes. And, in passing, let me add that this persiflage between Maureen and me is all in the spirit of good, clean fun because a sweeter person than Maureen never faced the camera—when she likes you.

From here, let's see. Oh, yes!

20th Century-Fox

TWO pictures shooting here—"The Life of Alexander Graham Bell" starring Loretta Young and Henry Fonda, and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" with Richard Greene and Anita Louise.

The former, of course, chronicles the life of the inventor of the telephone, (Mr. Fonda, who hasn't started working yet because he is still at Columbia). Bell has talked Mr. Hubbard (Charles Coburn) into backing his invention and one of Hubbard's daughters (Loretta) has fallen in love with him. She and her sister (Sally Blane) are in their bedroom discussing Mr. Fonda at some length.

"Oh, darling!" Sally exclaims, "of course he's wonderful! He's marvelous! He's—"

"Then I'm going to marry him!" Loretta announces determinedly.

"What???" Sally shrieks.

"Oh, the moment I saw him I made up my mind," Loretta smiles. "Just like that."

"But papa!" Sally wonders aghast. "What will Papa say?"

"I don't care," Loretta says stubbornly. "I'll shut my eyes so I can't hear (she lip-reads). Besides, Papa mustn't know

yet. No one must know yet—only you."

Suddenly there is a sharp rap at the door and Coburn's voice is heard. "Gertrude! You and Mabel stop that foolish chatter. Don't you know it's now exactly—(a little pause as he apparently consults his watch)—eleven minutes past ten! Put out the light and go to bed!"

"Yes, Papa," Sally agrees meekly. But she hugs Loretta again and whispers, "You know, if you hadn't married him, I would."

It's a pleasure to watch Loretta and Sally work together. I have seldom seen sisters as devoted as these girls and each tries to throw the scene to the other. Polly Ann Young (a third sister) is also in this film and the fourth sister (Georgianne) makes her cinematic debut here.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a real blood curdler—one of the Sherlock Holmes series. *Sherlock* and his pipe are played by Basil Rathbone and *his* pipe, *Dr. Watson* is played by Nigel Bruce, *Dr. Mortimer* is Lionel Atwill and *Sir Henry Baskerville* is Richard Greene.

Sir Charles Baskerville has been murdered shortly before and Atwill (his friend as well as physician) lays the case before Sherlock Holmes. When Dick Greene (who succeeds to the title and estate of Baskerville Hall) arrives in London from Canada, where he has spent his life, Rathbone sends Nigel Bruce back to Dartmoor with Atwill and Dick. In the ghostly moonlight the three men are strolling along the yew alley and Atwill is telling Dick how his uncle died. They came to some gates at the end of the alley and Atwill points. "Just about there he lay, poor fellow, face downward, his fingers dug into the ground. When I turned him over his features were so distorted with fright I could scarcely recognize him."

"You reported that, of course, at the inquest?" Bruce queries.

"Oh, yes," Atwill assures him, "but the coroner held there was nothing unusual in that—in cases of heart failure the features are often distorted."

"Yes," Atwill nods solemnly, "but in this instance, he'd been standing by this, facing out upon the moor. When he turned back, judging from the marks of his boots on the sod, he apparently moved on tiptoe—"

"What's your conclusions?" Bruce interrupts.

"He was running—desperately, running for his life, running until his heart gave out and he fell dead upon his face."

Dick and Bruce exchange glances of skepticism. "Where were the footprints of the hound?" Dick asks.

"Out there," Atwill gestures, "about twenty yards from the gate. The next morning they were gone—obliterated by the rain but," with all the conviction in the world, "I saw them—as clearly as I see you."

I don't often care for murder mysteries but this is one I wouldn't miss.

When the scene is finished I stand chatting with the three men awhile. Dick tells me how much his mother is enjoying her visit to Hollywood and Atwill and I talk over the old days when he was a star in New York in "Deburau" and "The Outsider" but, alas for me, there

are other studios still to be covered. One of them is—

M-G-M

HERE we have "Song of the West" starring Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce. It is a beautiful set—a railroad camp built on the side of a mountain with huge spruce and fir trees growing all around and lights glimmering through the tents in the background. There isn't much action to this scene because Mr. Eddy is singing. The song is "Where Else But Here?" and all the railroad workers are standing around listening and waving beer mugs until it's time for them to join in the chorus.

The other picture is "Broadway Serenade" starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Lew Ayres, Frank Morgan, Rita Johnson, William Gargan, Franklyn Pangborn and the beautiful Virginia Grey.

Only the Misses MacDonald and Johnson are working today. Jeanette is evidently a musical comedy star. The scene is her dressing room. She comes in, a trifle wearily, from the stage, slings her hat on to a costumer and sits down at her dressing table. She is wearing tights and I will say for Jeanette there are few girls in the business who wear tights as gracefully and becomingly. Rita comes in, bubbling with the news that Frank Morgan is giving a party that night but Jeanette's heart is not in it. She has just had a wire that she has won an uncontested divorce. Lew (her husband) hadn't even made an effort to see her. Ah, woe is me . . . for four more reels, anyhow,

and then Love Conquers All once more. So now we come to—

Universal

HERE the one and only W. C. Fields is emoting in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." Also in the picture are John Arledge, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Constance Moore, Princess Baba and James Bush.

Today only Mr. Fields and Mr. Arledge are working. Mr. Fields is the manager of a circus. His son and daughter (Arledge and Miss Moore, respectively) have been brought up in the way they should go and we find ourselves in the Bel-Goodie home where Connie's engagement to the son of the socially elect Bel-Goodies (James Bush) is being announced.

Mr. Fields arrives, resplendent in a silk top hat, an Inverness cape with a white satin lining, gray striped trousers, fawn colored westcot, orange Ascot and other colorful accessories that cause me to murmur (to myself, of course) "Crosby, in all his glory, was not arrayed like this."

When he arrives, the butler holds out a tray for his card and big-hearted Bill, having no card, drops a quarter on it instead.

The startled hireling takes the Inverness and topper and prepares to hang them in the coat closet but Mr. Fields will have none of that. "Here! Whereya going?" he snarls, snatching the Inverness and draping it tastefully over the back of a chair in the hall so the white lining shows. On the white is modestly embroidered, in black letters half a foot high, "WHIPSNAD'S CIRCUS."

"Where's the bar?" he demands of the butler but before the latter can answer, John Arledge appears.

"Dad!" John ejaculates.

"Phineas, my boy!" Bill beams, "This is the proudest day of my life!" He gazes around the hall which is almost as large and much more impressive, than the rotunda in the Grand Central Station. "What a lean-to!" he murmurs. "Where's the mob?"

"Sssh!" Johnny pleads. Not so loud. In there," jerking his head over his shoulder.

"A lot of necks have been washed here tonight," Mr. F. philosophizes gazing around. "Here, don't do that!" in alarm, as Johnny is hurriedly folding up the Inverness so the lettering doesn't show. "You don't understand. I arranged that myself. Little advertising."

But Johnny is leading him into a small ante-room. "Listen, dad," Johnny begins, "as you know, the Bel-Goodies are society people—"

"Sure, sure," Bill agrees soothingly. "The *creme de la creme*. *Noblesse oblige* as we circus people say."

"But that's just it," Johnny protests in an agonized whisper. "These people don't know you're in the circus. I told them you deal in wild animals. They think you're a big game hunter."

"Oh, leave it to me," Bill glows. "Left alone, I can explain anything."

"Please," Johnny pleads, "please, dad. Put on your Sunday manners for our sakes."

"I've got a button on my lip," Fields promises.

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I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL... and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET... She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring

shade... and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *one* shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside... I want to talk to you... alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms... he kissed me... and he whispered, "Sweetheart... I love you..."

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Mr. Fields, as you may have gathered, is my favorite comedian. We have split several quarts together in days gone by and over the teacups Bill and I are what you might call "*sympatica*." But when I approach Mr. Fields on a set he stares vacantly at me and we always have to be introduced.

And so, at long last, we come to—

Warner Brothers

DISHEARTENING as it may be to you (and it is even more so to me) there are four pictures shooting here but one of them, "Sweepstakes Winner" featuring Marie Wilson, Johnny Davis and Allen Jenkins, is on location.

The most important production out here is "Juarez" who delivered Mexico. This is really an all-star cast—Bette Davis, Paul Muni, John Garfield, Brian Aherne, Gilbert Roland, Claude Rains, Montague Love, Joseph Calleia, John Miljan, Pedro de Cordoba (who used to be a big star years ago), Charles Middleton, Robert Warwick, Henry O'Neill, Harry Davenport, and others too numerous to mention.

It is a strange tale, for many of the principals never work in a scene together. Today we find only Bette (as the Empress Carlotta) and Walter Kingsford (an Austrian ambassador to the court of France and a personal friend of Bette's) working. Bette realizes the empire is slipping away from her and Brian Aherne (as Maximilian). Alone, except for her retinue, she sails for France and Napoleon III. But she is met with rebuffs. She sends for Kingsford.

She is standing at the window, gowned in gray, watching the rain, as he enters. As he is announced, she turns and comes swiftly towards him. "How good of you to come so quickly," she whispers.

"It is the privilege of a Metternich to serve your Majesty's house," he replies gallantly.

Bette freezes anew in resentment. "Can you explain the reason for the intolerable humiliation to which I have been subjected?" she demands. "Although I notified the Emperor Napoleon of my arrival from the port of St. Nazaire, upon reaching Paris there was no one to receive me—not an equerry—not so much as a carriage waiting! And I was compelled to proceed with my suite (gesturing in contempt) to a public hostelry!"

"And you have heard nothing from the palace since your arrival!" he exclaims incredulously.

"Nothing!" she declares. "What does it mean? I am Empress of Mexico. Why was I not received in State? Why was I not provided with a sovereign's escort of the Imperial Guard? Why was a palace not placed at my disposal?"

Aeneas MacKenzie, who did about two years research work on this picture before it went into production, is on the set. I have never met Mr. MacKenzie but he turns to me impulsively when the scene is finished. "God!" he whispers, "It's worth all the time and effort and sweat you put into a thing when you hear your lines read like that! Isn't she marvelous!"

And she is! There is no actress on the the screen who will alter her appearance as radically as Bette, merely to achieve an effect. She wears a black wig in this

picture. Her hair-dress is different. She isn't the *Mildred* of "Of Human Bondage," she isn't any of the girls you have ever seen her play before. She isn't even Bette Davis. She's Carlotta!

As an instance of the thought she has given this characterization: she is always gowned in gray. In the beginning when she is young and lovely, it is a light, frothy gray. But as the cares of empire settle upon her the grays are deeper and deeper until, at the end, when she loses her mind, she is gowned in almost a black.

There is another big and important picture here this month. It is "Dodge City" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland. Some of you may remember "Cimarron." This is the same type of picture and it's the only one I have seen that approaches it.

This has to do with the settling of Texas—Dodge City, to be specific. In 1872 it was said, and truthfully, "West of Chicago, there is no law; west of Dodge City, no God."

After numerous adventures, Errol is made Sheriff. Olivia blames him for the death of her rapsallion brother (William Lundigan). The editor of the local newspaper (Frank McHugh) is murdered when he attempts to help Flynn solve the murder. Olivia takes his place. Her hatred for Errol has given place to grudging admiration for the work he is doing, when he saunters into her office.

"Did you want something?" she asks coolly.

Errol looks around as though just seeing her. "Only this chair," he smiles "—if you don't mind."

"This is a newspaper office, Mr. Hatton—not a social centre," she retorts, glaring at him.

"There've been some complaints around town about you, Miss Irving," he announces slowly.

"What? Who?" she demands quickly.

"Well," he says hesitantly, "people are inclined to feel a newspaper office isn't a proper place for a sweet, charming girl like you."

"What's wrong with my working here?" she puts it up to him.

"It's not dignified," he kids her. "It's—*it's unladylike*. Girls ought to stay home and do—do needlework—and things."

"Needlework!" she sniffs contemptuously. "Sewing buttons for some man, I suppose?"

"Well—buttons do come off. Somebody has to sew 'em on," he counters.

"That's a fine career for an intelligent woman," she scoffs.

Unfortunately, this isn't one of the best—or rather, most important—scenes in the picture. But this picture, too, features an all-star cast: Alan Hale, Victor Jory, Bruce Cabot, Ann Sheridan, Henry Travers, Henry O'Neill and a host of others. Please don't miss it.

The last picture of the month is "On Trial," featuring Margaret Lindsay and John Littel. It's a good picture, too, but, somehow, the first two on this lot are so breath-taking they have drained all the emotion out of me and I haven't much heart left for inconsequential things, however pleasant they may be. So I chat with Margaret for a few minutes and then I say goodnight to her—and to you.

Gail Patrick and John Howard, featured in Paramount's "Grand Jury Secrets". Watch for it. Note what adorable hands she has! Let Jergens Lotion help you!



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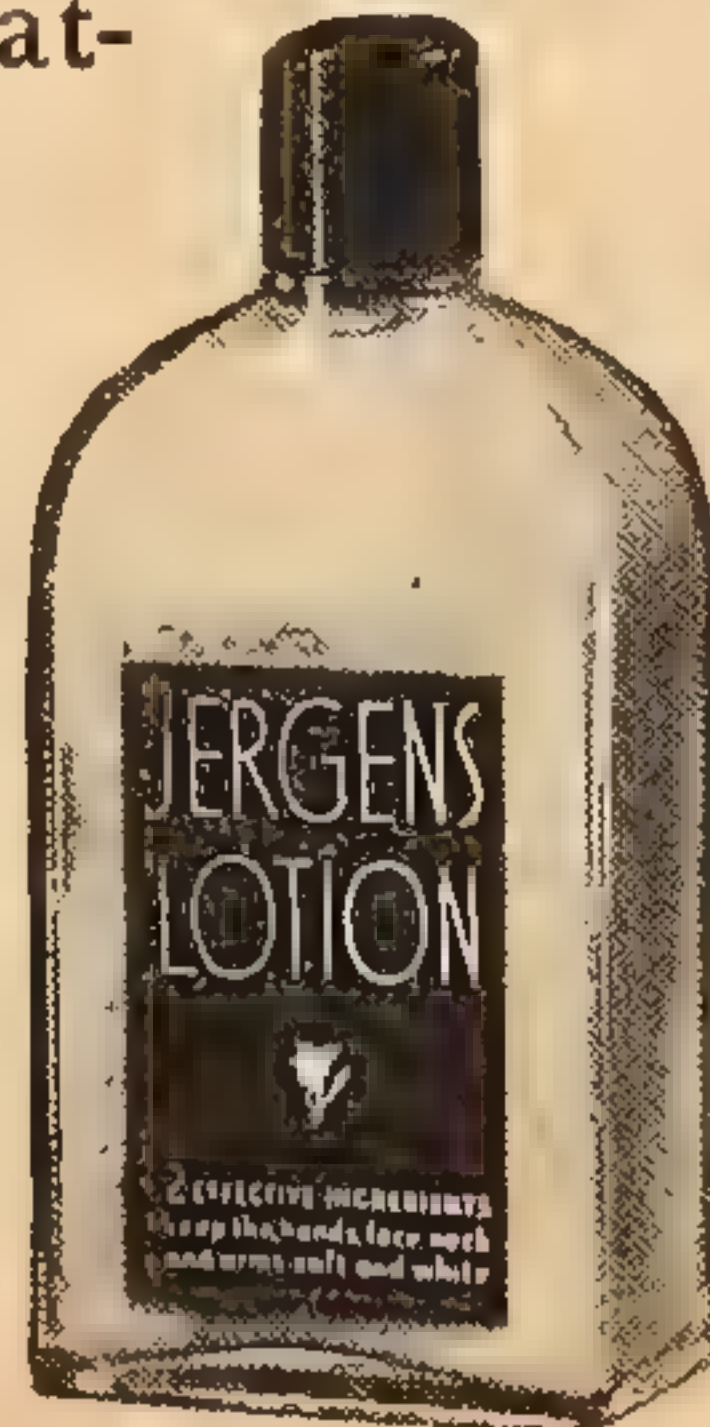
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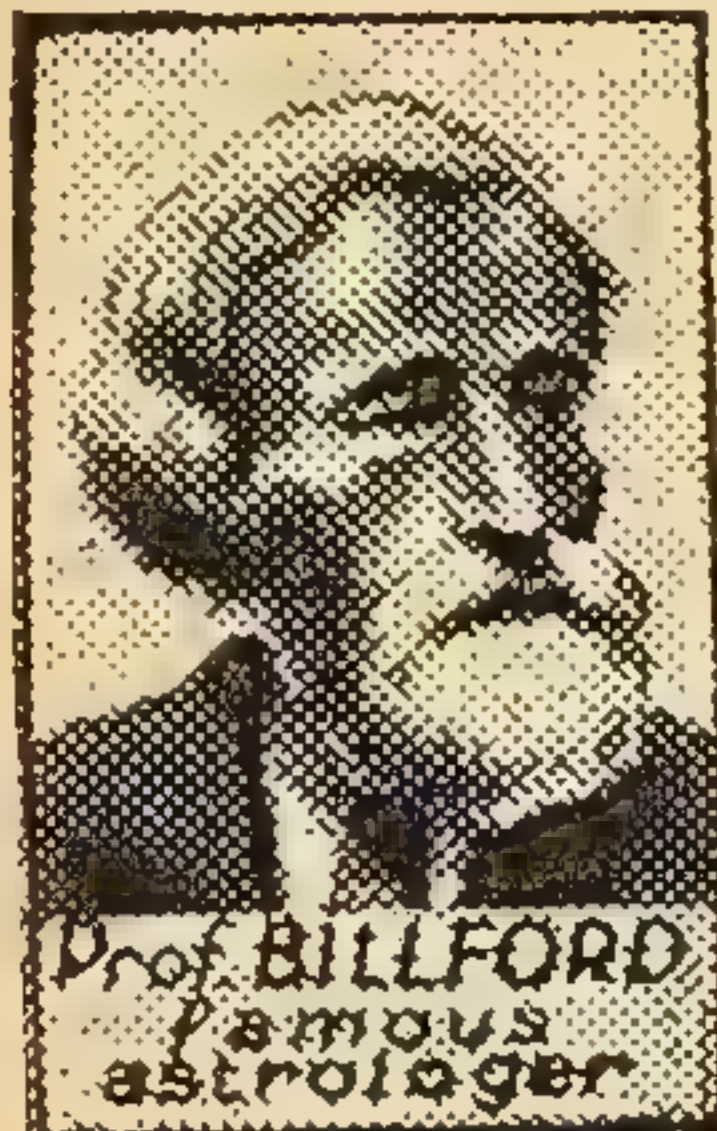


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Hedy Lamarr and the Angry Blondes!

[Continued from page 16]

in Vienna. Her father was a director of the Bank of Vienna and Hedy was brought up in an atmosphere of wealth and gentility which probably accounts for the fact that she has been able to take the richness of Hollywood right in her stride, without letting it turn her head one iota. As a child she was always dressed in spotless white and wore little Dutch caps, and was taken for a walk in the Park every afternoon. Naturally everyone wanted to pet her, but her nurse would gruffly tell them to stand back, much to Hedy's annoyance as she was a friendly little soul and liked people then, just as she does now.

When she became a little older Hedy found that having a nurse constantly holding your hand was a great inconvenience. She used to make the poor woman walk ten feet behind her, and if she so much as dared to speak to her when they were walking on crowded streets, Hedy would turn up her little nose and pretend not to know her. But days that she could go shopping with her nurse were red-letter days. Employing the nod system the nurse would indicate with her head what color of ribbon or spool of thread she wanted and Hedy, very importantly, would purchase it and ask the salesgirl to wrap it. She wanted so awfully to be grown up and allowed to go places alone. And that's how her father tricked her into going to the dentist. He told her she could go alone, without the nurse, and Hedy, the dope, simply couldn't wait to go to the dentist every week.

The gruff nurse was succeeded by a French nurse who was a source of great interest to Hedy. She had the weird habit of sneaking a clove from the kitchen, and burning it over a candle, and when she thought Hedy wasn't looking she would cork her eyelashes and eyebrows with it.

Hedy became a practical joker. Thank heavens, she got it out of her system before coming to Hollywood. Another practical joker is something we don't need.

Hedy was Daddy's girl when she was small and one of her earliest recollections is sitting on his knee while he read fairy tales to her. In his study her father had a huge old hand carved desk. It was deep and wide, with great drawers in which a little girl could hide. She appropriated the desk as her own little theatre and there she did her first acting. With an audience of dolls (she was a great one for dolls) she would act "Hansel and Gretel," "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and other fairy stories by the hour.

When her father died while she was still quite young she turned to her mother for love and sympathy and the closest companionship grew up between mother and daughter, both of whom are inclined to be a bit on the sentimental side. In Hedy's living room in her new Beverly Hills house there is only one picture—a miniature of her mother, which proves beyond a doubt where the Lamarr beauty came from.

When Hedy was a child she adored

mushrooms and pork, so recently Mrs. Keisler had little diamond and platinum charms made of a mushroom and a pig and sent them to Hedy for her charm bracelet. Also, she sent Hedy her favorite doll from the collection of dolls which Mrs. Keisler has cherished all these years. Whenever little Hedwig was a credit to the family, acted like a little lady in a crisis, or got good marks in school (that wasn't too often as Hedy hated school) her mother would give her an old-fashioned bouquet with a little paper doily around it, and Hedy was as pleased as punch. An hour before she was to leave her home to attend the preview of "Algiers," while she was pacing up and down like a mad young thing (I saw her that night, and boyoboy, was she nervous!) the faithful Erica, her companion and secretary, presented her with a small box in which she found an old-fashioned nosegay, just like the ones she used to get when she had done something noteworthy as a child. Mrs. Keisler had cabled Erica to get it for her. Hedy's mother is expected in the next few weeks. It was a little matter of quota, or she would have been here long ago.

Hedy wasn't particularly crazy about going to school, though it was a relief to get away from the nurse and governess. She loved music and dancing but she developed a great undying hatred for arithmetic—which rather surprises agents and salesmen in Hollywood who claim that Hedy is a pretty smart girl when it comes to juggling figures. She was puttering around in a chemistry lab one semester having herself a time with the pretty colors in a bottle when suddenly she discovered that chemistry and mathematics are closely related. She dropped chemistry like a hot cake.

"It was those equations," she says sadly. Her notebooks were always full of designs instead of interesting bits of information regarding Napoleon, Browning, and the metaphor. She was, and is, a great one for scribbling, and the minute she gets a pencil in her hand you are going to see a flock of flowers appear on whatever's handy. She remembers with horror the day her history teacher caught her doing a garland of roses around her inkwell, when she should have been listening to something dreary about the Roman Empire, and held her up to the class as a Public Example.

When she was fifteen years old she had some sketches accepted for advertising the Hungarian Red Cross—so I guess her scribbling wasn't so bad after all. Her ability to sketch something rapidly comes in very handy in Hollywood. When she can't think of a word she wants to use she will draw it for you.

Hedy had a grand time during vacations, skiing in the wintertime and swimming in the summer, but school she found to be just as annoying as those nurses who would never let her out of their sight. Se Hedy fell into evil ways—she discovered how she could play hooky, and neither her mother nor her teachers would ever know! "It was very naughty of me," says Hedy, but she doesn't think so really.

They had a custom in the private school she attended of signing cards which recorded the absence from school of the pupils. The parents signed the cards for

each hour of absence. Mrs. Keisler would put down a 1 and sign the card, but guess what our little Hedwig did?—that's right she put a zero after the numeral, and thus gave herself ten hours away from classes, ample time to buy a box of chocolates and go to a movie.

The first movie Hedy ever saw was Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and she remembers slipping away from her nurse to see it as movies were forbidden when she was a child. But America's Sweetheart's curls must have done something to Hedy, for from that day on she became an ardent movie fan, and more than once, alas, slipped an O in back of that 1.

One day she heard that the Sascha studios were in need of a script girl so by rigging up that report card she got an absence from school and went to work. But she didn't remain a script girl very long, not with that face, and so when the director wanted an actress for a secretarial part in "Storm in a Water Glass" Hedy grabbed it quick as a flash.

Then came "Ecstasy." Hedy claims that she knew nothing about the nude scenes when she signed the contract for the picture, and that when they sprung them on her she objected. But the big bullies threatened to sue her, and Hedy didn't want a lawsuit just then. She played the scenes. "Too much has been made of it," says Hedy. "It is a lot of *chichi*. *Chichi* in French," she adds, "is nonsense."

Anyway, she was fed up with movies for the time being and went on the stage and was doing a very good job of "Queen Elizabeth" when the millionaire munitions manufacturer, Fritz Mandl, began sending flowers to the stage door. Well, you've read by now all about Mr. Mandl's courtship, Hedy's marriage, her castle, her boredom, and her escape to England. Through the phinagling of agent Robert Ritchie, Hedy caught the boat bound for New York on which Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer were returning to the United States—and Hollywood. Mr. Mayer knows a pretty face when he sees one so he immediately gave her a contract. Mrs. Mayer gave her a name. "A beautiful name for a beautiful girl," she said. "How about Lamarr? There has never been anyone as beautiful in Hollywood as Barbara La Marr." And so, she who was born Hedwig Keisler in Vienna became Hedy Lamarr in Hollywood.

When the blondes got a gander at her dancing at the Trocadero, looking like something out of another world, they went as limp as water, but they bucked themselves up by saying, "She'll never learn English." But Hedy fooled them. With one year of it in school as a starter Hedy began to go to movies, which wasn't exactly a hardship as she adored them anyway. "With a good ear and a quick eye you can see what the actors are saying as you hear it," Hedy explains. "Even now I often speak a word of English and suddenly realize I have never said it before. Words come that way. The pictures give an excellent course."

Well, my poor smoldering blondes, there's nothing can be done about it now—unless, of course, you want to dye your blonde tresses brunette. Or just let them grow natural for a change.

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Lana—A New Name for the Lights

[Continued from page 34]

almost reached the point of distraction it finally happened.

Lana Turner appeared on the set. Quietly, almost unobtrusively, she walked over and sat down near him.

"I'll mark an X where I want you to stop," he said, scarcely glancing at her as he marked the floor with chalk.

Lana then climbed the stairs and took her place with the others before the cameras. As she did so all eyes followed her. Somehow she reflected a resurgent personality that made her stand out from the others like a shining star.

The red lights flashed; all the harsh and brittle atmosphere was suddenly muted; everything was set to go. Yet Lana held back. Had something gone wrong? Or was she waiting to drop into her lines and action like a bomb at the crucial moment? No one spoke. Electricians and cameramen tensed, helpers stared, Sinclair bent forward—intent.

A current of drama electrified the air. In some manner Lana was calling forth all the magical radiance of her effervescent talent and personality to perform the miracle that can happen when a personality pulsing with the fibre and flame of youth and a soft and warm feminine beauty goes into a characterization.

Perhaps this day might see HER name and fame set up there, a bright and shining star—brighter than all others. The light shone from her hair, her eyes held Wonder in their depths and Time tiptoed softly to her side, whispering gently in her ear: "*This is the Day*." Lana was now in her role, the role of a young lady struggling with the problem of whether or not to be an actress. She turned toward the camera and it seemed to fade away dimly into the mist of her mental perceptions. Then, in that curious isolated moment of startling self-assurance and emotion, a magic like invisible steel lifted her and everyone on the set to the contemplation of Hamlet's immortal lines as she and two girls, one on either side, came down the stairs uttering in unison:

"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Lana's portrayal left me stunned. How many actresses could transform a stage like that? How many could elicit sincere plaudits from those calloused and stage weary helpers and hands? Here was only a young girl, a school girl, playing her part up to the peak. I realized, then and there, that I had witnessed a portrayal by a personality that is destined to portray many powerful and gripping roles in the future.

Esconsed in her lovely home (where the picture on this page of her and the writer was taken), Lana lies resting from a brief illness. Yet she accepts it as part of the attendant harshness of her existence. She realizes that as an actress she must perform miracles all day and half of the night and then go home to eat, bathe, massage and sleep so that she can repeat the next day. And in between pictures she must carry on a furious campaign for publicity, make personal appear-

ances at theatres, women's clubs, department stores, civic clubs, luncheons, sports events and generally be seen at the cinema hangouts, to say nothing of her school work. She has little time to herself and life sometimes becomes confused. Yet always when she sinks into the darkness of a cold world a burst of illumination comes upon her, and she hears that little voice whisper in her ear: "*This is the day*." The day when drama of great significance will come to pass—drama so intense and compelling that Hollywood scripts, by comparison, pale into insignificance.

To go back a bit, on a certain February 8th, in the early nineteen twenties a tiny baby girl, daughter of a professional dancer by the name of Virgil Turner, was christened Lana, in Wallace, Idaho. Came the day when the Turners moved to San Francisco, and later to Hollywood. But THE hour came on a dark, cloudy February afternoon in 1937.

"Drat that bell," said petite Lana to her school chum as the two sat sipping malted milks in a small cafe across the street from Hollywood high school. "It's not our fault if we can't get our lunch served in time."

"I hate typewriting anyway," said the friend. "Let's take our time for once. The teacher's a good scout; she'll excuse us for being late."

So the girls took their time, slowly sipping their drinks as they sat opposite each other, viewing other students hastening toward the inevitable classes and boredom.

"I wish I could go to a school where they teach nothing but Art," said Lana, catching the eye of a stranger watching her from the main counter. Nonchalantly she toyed with the straw in her glass, and appeared not to notice him, although definitely she could feel his piercing eyes appraising her. Then she squared her shoulders and squirmed in her seat. "Honest," she continued, "someday I'm going to be an A-1 costume designer."

As the man continued to gaze, Lana looked into her glass. At first indignation swept over her; not corroding, bitter indignation, but a gentle, pathetic feeling for the "poor sap" as she termed him. Then she tried to ignore him while she raised her glass with a shaking hand and gulped its remaining contents. But she could feel his gaze growing stronger and stronger, now a look of admiration, praise, scrutiny, appraisal and helpfulness—all rolled into one.

"Let's get out of here," she said, but she was too late for the man was now coming up to them with the proprietor, who introduced the stranger as William Wilkerson, Hollywood trade-paper publisher.

"I believe I can place you in the movies," Wilkerson addressed Lana. "That is, if you are interested."

Her heart pounded furiously; she was trembling. She wanted so much to cry out, but she was afraid. She didn't quite know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid. Now a look of gratification came to her eyes and all of a sudden she was on her feet, her trembling hand clasping the man's in a symphony of gratitude.

"You'll be a great actress, in time," said Director Mervyn LeRoy a few days later when Lana had received a test. And

he not only cast her as the unforgettable and tragic young lady in "They Won't Forget" but also rewarded her with a long term contract—a document upon which Lana tenderly meditated for some time. She read it and reread it, then folded it, reading the large printing on the front of the blue cover.

"Lana" she visioned in a marquee sign. Mr. LeRoy had said it was a good name; she must work hard to live up to it. She looked at the contract again. To her the most sacred possession in the world. And how near she had come to missing it. Had she rushed madly to her typing class when the gong had sounded there might never have been a contract.

Lana has a voice which is soft and sweet, with nothing artificial or pretentious about it, and it fits perfectly with her captivating and vivacious personality, and physically delicate make-up. She has plenty on the ball. Her timing, her mannerisms, her camera angles, her attitude—everything shows that. She always plays her part up to the crest even though it takes a terrific toll.

Yet she is capable of a wide range of characterizations, and who knows but what her version might be the very best. Now that she is on the positive side of what to millions seems a bridgeless chasm her talents and charm, instead of growing harsh and stereotyped as in the case with many actresses, are ripening and deepening into a lovely and poignant thing. That is why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has extensive plans for her future and why Lana will in all probability continue to conjure Turner magic on the screen.

Hollywood Answers the Critics

[Continued from page 29]

and no singer, regardless of how great, could stand there and 'make up' the glorious melody he sings. These things are just as incongruous as the music, to those with no imagination."

There you have a frank discussion of the topic by one who is tops in his profession, who knows all the answers even before they're asked.

Very direct and to the point is Bette Davis' reply . . .

"It is easy to understand that some people would feel a distinct shock at suddenly hearing a symphony orchestra in a desert. I would probably feel the same way, except that I happen to know why an orchestra is there. The producer simply has a choice of giving the audience a fine musical number, in the event it is the accompaniment to a song, or a rather skimpy entertainment. His pride in his film, as well as good business and knowledge of what best pleases the public, suggest a good, full number."

Certainly no one is better equipped to touch upon the question at hand than Nelson Eddy. We may believe him when he says . . .

"Full orchestral accompaniment is justified on the screen, as well as on the stage, in spite of situations. No song is really complete without an instrumental background, whether that song is sung

on the concert stage or in the living-room of a home.

"I have yet to hear criticism concerning the use of full orchestra as an accompaniment in musical comedy, where certainly many situations could well inspire the question of 'where did they find an orchestra in that forsaken spot?' Why, then, should the screen be criticized for doing the same thing? After all, every singer in the world likes background for his song, if it is only the splash of water in the shower."

Even more searching is Allan Jones in his analysis . . .

"It would be as ridiculous for a singer to attempt a solo number without musical background as it would be to present a scene in a picture without its proper scenery," he points out. "Of course, there are capella numbers, or numbers written specifically for raconture where a singer can hold an audience in a concert, but rarely if ever would this be practical on the screen."

"Choirs may sing in a great many cases without orchestration—because the blending of voices supply their own background, they are singing orchestras actually—but an individual should have the very best accompaniment possible. Of course, though, the music should be so arranged that it will not overshadow the voice of the singer, else the effect will be lost and audiences rightfully may wonder at the intrusion."

Look into your own experience, you people out there who hold the same thought as that of our two letter-winners. Don't you, seriously, now, prefer a song

Petal Smooth Skin

**ALWAYS MAKES
THE GRADE**

NOW

**CHOOSE THIS FAMOUS POWDER BASE
FOR THE EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IT BRINGS!***

NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you're giving it extra skin care.

Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

**NO WORRY ABOUT CHAPPING
— I ALWAYS USE POND'S
VANISHING CREAM. IT SMOOTHS
AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES
IN ONE APPLICATION — NOW
THE "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN POND'S
IS ANOTHER REASON WHY
IT GETS MY VOTE!**

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program,
Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company



Relieves Teething Pains

WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

An Efficient GRAY HAIR PREPARATION Made at HOME



FOLLOW this simple money-saving recipe if you want a generous size bottle of one of the best and most efficient gray hair preparations you can use. From your druggist get one-fourth ounce glycerine, one ounce bay rum, one box BARBO Compound. Mix them in half pint of water, or your druggist will mix for you at small cost.

Comb this colorless liquid as directed into gray, faded or streaked hair and see how easily it is transformed in appearance into a lustrous, natural-looking shade that will not wash out or rub off. BARBO does not stain the scalp or affect permanents or waves. Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Used with satisfaction over 25 years by blonds and brunettes. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.

PILES DON'T SUFFER NEEDLESSLY. Try this Wonderful Treatment

for pile suffering **FREE!** If you are troubled with itching, bleeding or protruding piles, write for a **FREE** sample of Page's Combination Pile Treatment and you may bless the day you read this. Write today to the **E. R. PAGE COMPANY**, Dept. 520-D2, Marshall, Michigan.

WAKE UP

**Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go**

**YOUR
LIVER
BILE**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

with musical accompaniment, to the one where only the voice is heard?

"Music has progressed from a strictly supporting factor to a truly independent force," Boris Morros, musical director at Paramount, asserts. "It has come to take the place of words, anticipates situations which develop in succeeding scenes."

Haven't you often been thrilled by the music accompanying certain action, particularly in moments of deep suspense? Haven't you sat on the edge of your seat in expectation of something momentous that you knew was about to happen? That feeling inside you, that made you tremble with anticipation, was a direct result of music, music so pitched and so arranged that you could not help but respond.

Dramatic license, you might call the addition of music to a scene. "Musical license," Director Irving Cummings terms it, more appropriately.

"Audiences expect music with their pictures, whether they realize it or not," he says. "Without music—and I say this because we have experimented—there would be a dull, a deadly monotone, scenes would fall flat. Music helps lift audiences to the mood of a picture."

Along the same line, another director, Lloyd Bacon, speaks up . . .

"In the name of make-believe, many things are permissible on the stage and screen. A spectator either falls into the mood and spirit of a play or he does not. In the latter case, no amount of logic will help or explain. To prefer sitting entirely outside instead of coming in and joining the party costs lots of people the whole-hearted enjoyment that make-believe offers its real devotees."

The use of music, then, in a picture, whether it be the accompaniment of a song, or the bearing out of the spirit of the action, is a practical, necessary thing. Douglas Shearer, best-known of all sound engineers in Hollywood, declares that in every human being, regardless of his station in life, there is the desire for expression in music. It is an integral part of international life. Because of this desire, unconscious, perhaps, in the minds of many, possibly the great majority, musical scores have been added to almost all pictures.

"Music in pictures knits the visual and auditory emotions into a whole to produce a greater and keener enjoyment," he explains in conclusion. In that one thought is caught the real reason for music on the screen, and Hollywood's answer to the challenge.

Counting the Radio Customers

[Continued from page 31]

nuisance for they realize that by giving their opinions on programs they will be thus more likely to get the kind of entertainment they want.

She recalled that one man told her that he had missed the Jack Benny session on a particular Sunday because his radio was out of order, but he did want to register a vote for Jack Benny because he appreciated his artistry.

In practically every case the person called first expressed surprise and then pleasure that anyone was interested in whether or not they like what was coming over the air. Most of them thought they had to take what was there and be satisfied with it.

From the replies thus given in thousands of communities across the country, Crossley statisticians compile the ratings that show the comparative standing of the various programs. In their findings is the answer to the question as to why some of the favorites of past seasons aren't on the airwaves now. It seems that listeners could stand just so much of them, and then it got to the point, especially with comedians, where they were no longer funny because the listener could anticipate the patter. Those who could change their pace and vary their routine survived, among such lucky ones being Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Walter O'Keefe and Bop Hope. These findings turned up a very important piece of information of vital interest to the buyer of radio time and that is, the time of day and the particular days when the radios of most of the persons interviewed were turned on. With this information, the sponsor naturally tries to put on his show as close as possible to such hours, for then he is assured of the largest audience for his offering.

Now about the much discussed but seldom understood Crossley rating. If our own Ed Sullivan should say in his column that Rudy Vallee's Crossley rating was 24 in a most recent survey—and I'm just making up this figure for the purpose of showing how the survey works—it means that if 100 listeners were called, 24 said they were listening to Vallee so the Vallee program is rated 24. The actual basis of rating, of course, is on several thousand calls rather on just a hundred, but the principle is the same.

Edgar Bergen
and W. C. Fields
and the world's
most loved bit of
wood. A scene
from "You Can't
Cheat an Honest
Man."



On the face of it, it would seem that this telephone system of surveying listener interest is the answer to the question of how to get the opinion of the arm-chair audience. The dialers give their answers and the experts chart 'em. Isn't that fair enough, you might ask? Well, the answer to that is—if it is and it isn't.

Because, what about the opinions of the people who don't get called up? Suppose Mrs. Jones, who adores Rudy's singing, gets called up, while Jimmy Fields who is a devotee of Kay Kyser's swing, and Pop Smith, who "goes for" Frank Morgan's antics don't get phoned at all. The figures on Vallee are gotten honestly enough, but the rating on Morgan and Kyser is certainly affected because two of their most ardent fans weren't reached.

To show you how these figures, though generally regarded as gospel, may yet reflect different points of view, take the Charlie McCarthy hour. That Sunday night at 8 period has for so long been regarded as Charlie's own that no sponsor has been willing to put on a show over a rival network at the same time because everyone felt that the nation's ears were reserved for Bergen's little wooden dummy. Last winter the rating on this show was just a bit under 50, the highest rating ever received by a commercial show, and exceeded only by such special events as championship prize fights. Since the competitive network couldn't sell the time, they put on Orson Welles in a sustaining series of dramas. Came the eventful broadcast of the arrival of the Martians and you recall the hysteria that swept the country. The network was com-

pletely swamped with the avalanche of letters, telephone calls and telegrams that came in about the program. Which just went to prove that in spite of the Crossley report—which as we said before, most advertisers use as their measuring stick of a program's popularity—there were plenty of people who listened to Charlie's competitor.

As to what happened to Orson Welles . . . well, that's radio for you. Having proven that he could get listeners away from the little wooden man and the publicity that resulted was sure to gain for him an even wider audience, a sponsor grabbed Welles and put him on his old Friday night spot which was losing ground.

But to get back to the business of surveying listeners, what about the folks who have radios but no telephones? Obviously they can't participate in a phone survey. To get around this, the C.A.B. and other research organizations hired by the networks make a door-to-door canvass in certain non-phone localities to find out their listening preferences.

Perhaps the best insight into radio box-office is the statement of an executive of a large advertising agency, both of whom shall be nameless here. According to him: "It's most amazing how many indications there are of a star's popularity that have nothing to do with radio. With very few exceptions, the big programs are manned by performers who have established reputations in the theatre and the movies like Edward G. Robinson, Al Jolson, Fanny Brice, Martha Raye, Eddie Cantor and Irene Rich, to name a few. We know that these people have a big following because

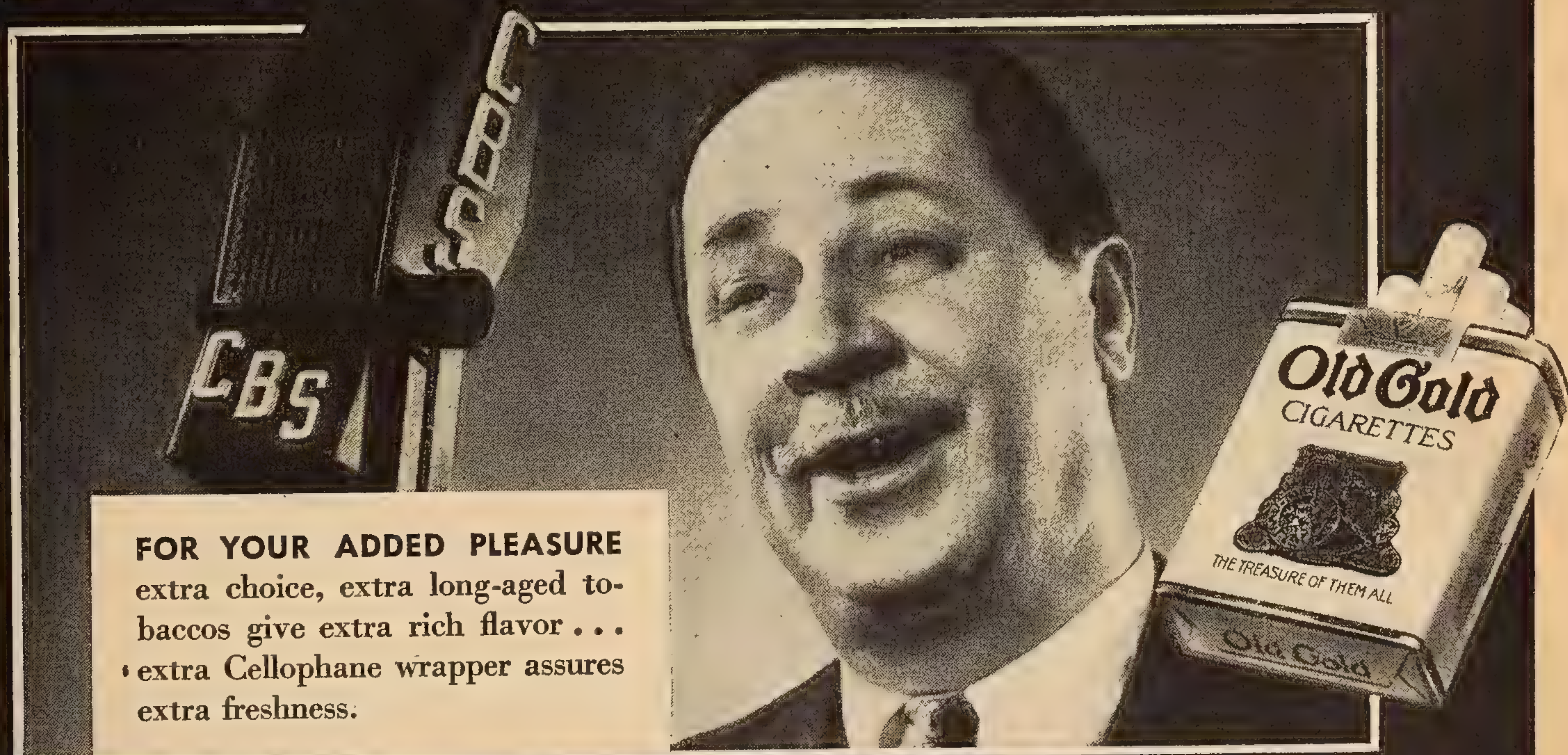
hundreds of thousands of people pay money to see their performances and magazines are continually running stories on them, which shows that the public is interested in their doings.

"Now then, while we like to give the listeners a good show, we are primarily interested in selling the sponsor's product. In radio the test is the number of purchasers he can lead to his sponsor's product. The American people are radio-wise to the fact that only by supporting the sponsor's product can they expect a radio star to be retained on the air.

"In the last analysis we know that a star has definite radio box-office appeal when the listener-in identifies him with his sponsor's product. When the housewife asks for Jack Benny's dessert in any of the six delicious flavors or orders Charlie McCarthy's coffee, we know that these performers have sold the public and the public is sold on their sponsor's product, which makes it a bull's eye all around—100 percent radio box-office appeal."

When you come to think of it, radio sure is a funny business. Millions of people buy receiving sets, millions of dollars are spent on programs to be tuned in on these sets, yet nobody knows with any degree of accuracy whether the whole thing is a good idea or just a waste of time. About the only thing you do know with any measure of certainty is that when you answer your phone or the ring at the front door and someone asks you: "What program were you listening to last night? Your opinion counts as an admission stub in the far-flung ramifications of gauging radio-box office.

Fresh as a Benchley Quip



FOR YOUR ADDED PLEASURE
extra choice, extra long-aged tobaccos give extra rich flavor . . .
• extra Cellophane wrapper assures extra freshness.

TRY THE 1939
DOUBLE-MELLOW

Old Gold

ALWAYS FRESH!

Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM.

TUNE IN: "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

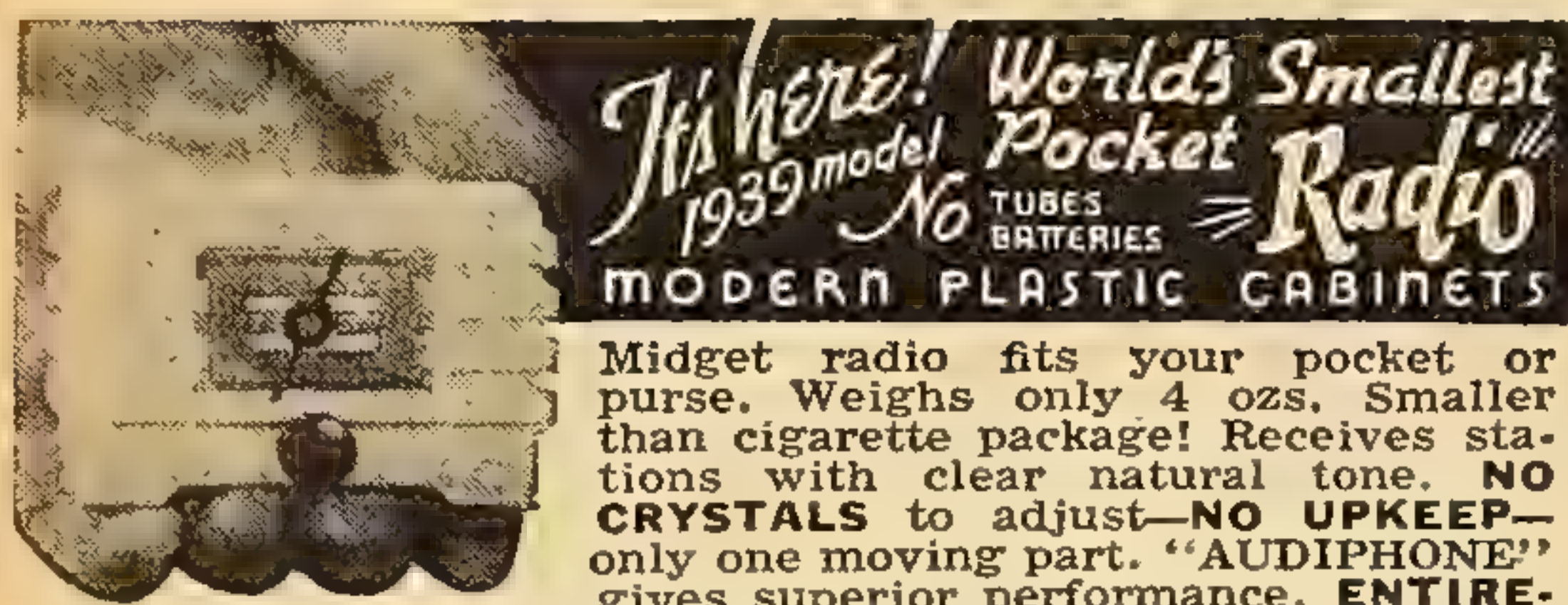
Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

WANTED

ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Publication and Radio and for submission to motion picture, record and transcription markets. Westmore Music Corporation, Dept. 41F, Portland, Ore.



Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. "AUDIPHONE" gives superior performance. ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance. ONE YEAR GUARANTEE. Sent complete ready to listen with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M.O. Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW! TINYTONE RADIO CORP. Dept. SC-4 KEARNEY, NEBR.

PSORIASIS That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years thinking their trouble to be ECZEMA and treating without results.

Send for this VALUABLE INFORMATION at once. Free Dr. D. R. Parsons, 1249 Trust Bldg., Huntington, W. Va.

Beauty News Flash

Your face is your fortune.

It's my job to make you more beautiful. Money back if I fail. Send today for a 4 oz. jar of Al Morrison's Alfalfa-kelp Cream \$1.00 postpaid anywhere. A vanishing Beauty Cream, a tissue builder, eliminating wrinkles, healing sores and relieving muscular aches and pains. Send today for a free copy of Al Morrison's Health and Beauty Newspaper.

AL MORRISON

604-A Haight St. San Francisco, California

GRAY FADED HAIR

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time at home with French Method "SHAMPO-KOLOR." Any shade, no dyed look. Colors hair close to scalp, most lasting. Permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 20-H, 254 W. 31 St. N.Y.



MAKE HIM HAPPY

Glover's dog medicines and specialties will do it. A kind for most conditions. Popular for over half a century. For FREE Dog Book write Glover's, 468 4th Ave., N.Y.



GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES

How It Got That Way!

[Continued from page 27]

And when you see *clear-cut letters* like that, it indicates quiet, modest tastes. For instance, did you know that Miss Norma Shearer dotes on hamburgers-with-onions, chute-de-chutes, dining at home off a tray, subdued colors, and street cars? Amazing woman.

Over at Warner Brothers there's an equally amazing man, James Cagney by name. We sat at lunch in the Green Room and he said, "Okay, shoot. What do you see in my calligraphy?" I saw plenty . . .

First of all, *his writing is forceful. His final stroke tends to be downward.* This combination means Jimmy is a Grade A fighter, slightly opinionated, and pretty much set in his ways.

"Um-hmm," hemmed Jimmy. "When I was eighteen I stopped going with a girl because she wanted to learn to dance and I didn't. I thought it was nuts. A year later I was earning my living at it. Guess that's where I started being set in my ways all right!"

His writing further indicates a shrewd common sense and the ability to think his way through any problem. Jimmy grinned widely. "I picked up that little trick the time a leopard chased me around a barn five times. The family had taken me to an upstate farm for the summer and somehow this spotted fellow got loose from a circus. Any problem I've had since has been a cinch to that! I finally solved it by jumping into the haymow and pitching hay on him until help came."

You can't beat Jimmy. You'd know that even if his pen didn't show it. Those large lower loops reveal lively, earthy spirits—which are never allowed to run away with him, for *the slant of his line, which is backward*, is the mark of one ruled by the head. Of a fundamentally cold nature.

"Now I remember," he declared facetiously. "I got that slant after I'd been locked in the icehouse one afternoon while we were doing an early gangster picture!"

Maybe you've noticed how *his "a's" and that "g" are open at the top.* It's the same with his "o's" in his ordinary writing. Friendliness, a quick, generous friendliness, are shown there. Also a frank sincerity. His *large graceful capitals* signify an unwavering self-respect which, combined with a clear vision, make his success easy to understand.

Over on Stage 10 we found George Brent between scenes of "Dark Victory." He winked, and said, "Let's have it. I've always wondered what lay behind those peculiar things that pass for letters."

Behind George's letters you'll find one of the most interesting and involved personalities in Hollywood.

Just the way he crosses his "t" tells you that he has enough energy and ambition to charge the Niagara. But *that capital "B," so wide at the base*, says he easily becomes the prey of unscrupulous people if he's not careful.

"Truer words were never spoken," stated George. "On the boat coming back to America one time I got in a game with one of the officers . . . when I landed I had twenty-six cents left."

When you first look at George Brent's

signature, the thing that catches your eye is *the strength with which he bears down in writing.* No doubt about it, Mr. Brent loves a good honest fight! And the courage of the man is evident in *the ascent of the final "e" to the right.*

It reminds one of the story his sister tells of how George, as a youngster, licked a boy twice his size, near their home in Ireland, for teasing her. Years later it was this same boy who turned informer when George was carrying dispatch papers for De Valera during the Irish rebellion. George, with his life in danger, stayed in the country long enough to lick the fellow again!

By nature he's charmingly volatile, subject to quick change, and generous to the point of madness when any need arises—as *those big open capitals indicate.* But *the irregularity in his line* denotes a certain carelessness in small things.

"I distinctly remember," said George, nodding "that irregularity came after I'd been extremely careless in a high school basket ball game. I didn't duck in time to prevent the guard from landing on my head—and I woke up in the hospital with a concussion. It just doesn't pay to be careless!"

Now, on the other hand, you'll observe that *Irene Dunne writes a smooth, straight line.* That, and *the shape of her "n's"* are a sign of great animation.

In fact, when we finally caught up with her in her Brentwood home, she was busily engaged in a rocking horse race with her small daughter, Missy. "It's a photograph finish," she informed Missy as she slipped off. "Or do they call it photograph-ic? And now please tell me what's in a name!"

Those small letters of Irene's—they tell two important things. The size of them says she's apt to jump at conclusions!

"Like I did this morning," Irene agreed. "I *thought* the truck was turning right. It wasn't. And now I have to get a new fender on my car. . . ." The smoothness of the letters represents a good deal of common sense and good taste.

Like George Brent's, *her large capitals* indicate generosity approaching extravagance—but the tops are closed. She has tremendous initiative—but she's temperamentally secretive.

"My goodness, yes," she giggled. "I kept the news from the family for two whole hours once when I won a contest making doughnuts! The family happened to be away . . ."

She's gifted with a quick imagination and the energy to use it. Her *Greek "e's"* signify the desire for cultural advancement.

"Oh," said Irene, "those funny letters must have developed after the week I sang with the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera when I was eighteen . . ."

There's more than one story in signatures! With Henry Fonda's, for example—wouldn't you know his friends would call him "Hank?" Just from *the unassuming lines of his writing, the modest capitals. His "n's" show him to be adaptable to any environment.*

"Well," grinned Hank, "Jim Stewart, some other fellows and myself once lived in a flat on Sixty-Third street in New York surrounded by gunmen and we did manage to keep healthy. Of course we

didn't know the sweet location we were in until a man was shot under us and Legs Diamond was killed in the hotel across the street. We kind of decided it was time to move then . . ."

In the upward curve of that "d" which projects to the right, there's a gay, flirtatious nature, not readily confined. And the open "o" reveals a disarming frankness. But the general absence of angles or decision in his strokes—particularly towards the end where it develops into something of a scrawl—says that Mr. Fonda believes in letting tomorrow take care of itself! But Mrs. Fonda needn't worry. Not with his basic line as even as it is and his small letters so uniform in size. That says Hank is a pretty straightforward, dependable person.

Randolph Scott has all the characteristics of a sane, normal personality. On the set of "Jesse James" where he was twirling six-shooters as the sheriff, he smiled largely at that one. "I have to be. I live with Cary Grant!"

The down stroke on his "p" shows a natural love of sports and outdoor life. "Let's see," said Randy facetiously, "I guess that letter must have grown that way after I ran away when I was a kid to live in a cave and be a Buffalo Bill. Only there was a skunk in the cave so I didn't stay long . . ."

Although he's inclined to be opinionated, with his "t" cross slanting downward—and not easily adaptable to circumstances—his "n" is unlike the usual "u" of most other stars—Randy's well-spaced writing shows him to be a sound thinker. His energy often takes the

form of impulsiveness.

"You never learn," he confessed. "When I was playing football at Georgia Tech I got a little too impulsive with an opposing fullback. Result: A great Scott crack-up! That's why I'm in pictures. Probably if I'd finished college I would be an engineer on the Ganges this minute."

And there's a distinct feeling for economy in the angularity of his writing, in the fact that there is no general spreading out.



Richard Greene, Nigel Bruce, Jimmy Thomson, Sidney Lanfield, Harry Cooper, Ed Dudley, Basil Rathbone and Horton Smith on the "Hounds of Baskerville" set. Lanfield is M. F. H.

"Yes," he told me, "I began pinching words when I began pinching pennies—in Europe. In Budapest, to be exact. A foreign gentleman stole my wallet and for six days I lived on the change in my pocket—forty-nine cents—until I could get some money cabled to me from home."

Oh, yes, a signature is an amazing key! There's an entire personality hidden in every one. And, after all, studying personalities is a grand game. Why not join in—you'll have the stars for company.

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS QUICK EASY WAY

Read how thin, tired-out, nervous, rundown people have gained health and strength—quick!

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Are you often tired, nervous—unable to eat and sleep properly?

Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of skinny, rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds and new pep—the women naturally alluring curves and new popularity—with this scientific vitamin-rich formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that countless people are thin and rundown—tired, cranky, washed-out—only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these vital substances

you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that they have helped thousands of people who needed these substances to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new health and pep, new popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Try them without risking a cent

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much



Posed by professional models

more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

But just one warning! Due to the remarkable success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the letters IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See your local paper for time and station.

Gains 11 lbs. New Pep. Now Has All The Dates She Wants

"When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Now I have all the dates I want."

Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.



Irvin Echard

No Longer a Scorned Scarecrow. Gains 14 lbs. in 5 Weeks

"It's no fun to have everybody laughing at you and calling you scarecrow. I was so skinny I didn't want to go out. Finally, I tried IRONIZED YEAST. In five weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and have good times."

Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.



Ella Craig

LOSE FAT

Controllable

OHIO NURSE
lost 47 lbs.
-Tells How

• Would you like to get rid of controllable fat quickly? You are possibly one of those many overweight people who are embarrassed and made uncomfortable with unsightly fat. Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, Registered Nurse of Dayton, O., writes: "I had been overweight for 13 years... was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-IDS and lost 47 lbs. Results were most satisfactory." Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. Delighted." Mrs. Porter Tyler of Crandon, Wis., writes: "Reduced 67 lbs., felt better from the start." Miss Dorothy Lawrence of Detroit, reports reducing 36 lbs. Violet Haskett, Registered Nurse, San Francisco, writes: "Lost 27 lbs. with RE-DUCE-IDS, felt fine ever since. Recommend them to my friends."

We do not claim that everyone will receive the same results, but we do feel that you will agree that RE-DUCE-IDS are worthy of a trial.

RE-DUCE-IDS are not offered as a cure-all for all ailments, and no attempt is made to diagnose or prescribe; and most naturally they are not to be taken by children, and are not intended for, and should not be used by, persons suffering from active or latent tuberculosis, diabetes or goitre. This advertisement is intended only for fat adult persons for use according to directions, who are otherwise healthy and normal; whose overweight condition is caused by a disturbance of the glands of internal secretion, with accompanying subnormal metabolic rate, one of the common causes. In other words, a sufficient amount of calories are not consumed and energy is not made available for the system to maintain proper functioning.

If your Drug or Department Store is out, ask them to phone their wholesaler today. If still unable to obtain RE-DUCE-IDS, write at once giving dealer's name, to American Medicinal Products, Inc., Dept. S439, 6630 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California.

CAN YOU WRITE A SONG OR SONG POEM?

No Charge for Radio Presentation or Publication! Send large, Stamped, Self-Addressed Envelope or 4c in Stamps for full particulars to NORMAN SPENCER & SON, Music Publishers, Studio 55, 145 West 45th St., New York City. DO NOT Send Songs—Write First, Plainly!



DOROTHY ARNOLD
Universal Star

So smart
TO WEAR THE NEW HAIR STYLES
So easy
TO MAKE THEM AT HOME WITH

SOLO

CURLERS • WEVERS • BOB PINS

RED TOP
5¢
Each

AT 5¢ & 10¢ STORES

Love Marches On

[Continued from page 23]

ing. When she goes to work in the morning, she walks into the arms of Jimmy Cagney, John Garfield, Tyrone Power or Don Ameche. It is Love she dances with at the Troc, dines with at the La Conga, the Beachcombers, the Hawaiian Paradise or wherever the glowworm glimmers when night has come. Love in make-up, perhaps; Love showing his fervent features through No. 3 greasepaint. Or Love, True Love, waiting at the gates, a plain gold ring in his hand.

We have watched Rosemary Lane (in "Oklahoma Kid") held in the hard, demanding arms of Jimmy Cagney . . . and in the evening of that day we have seen Rosemary dining with Jeffrey Lynn at the Beachcombers, or with Ronnie Reagan at the Grace Hayes Lodge in the Valley . . . and there was a light in her eyes when she was in Cagney's arms . . . and there was a light in her eyes when she danced with tall, young Jeffrey Lynn . . . and one light was by day and one was by night and who among us could tell which was the True Light.

We have watched Priscilla storm-swept by the sultry, suicidal passion of John Garfield, in "Four Daughters," passion so tumultuous and real that Love himself seemed to turn away, confused . . . and then we have watched Priscilla and Oren Haglund at the Beachcombers, having a Chinese dinner there, or at the Hawaiian Paradise, dancing, locked in each other's arms, under a riding moon at Carpenters or the Colonial Drive-In, having hamburgers in heaven. Now, when was Love laughing behind his mask?

Or, again, we have watched Don Ameche's dark, adoring eyes follow Arleen Whelan on the set while she wove a pattern with her dancing feet . . . and on that evening have come upon Arleen and Richard Greene at the La Conga, at the Clover Club, their "favourite places," or we have seen them riding on the bridge path or playing tennis, love-sets to the most imperceptive eye—and in the maze which Love creates with his forever marching feet, one finds one's self, bewildered, asking: Is THIS Love, or is this . . . ?

There is Nancy Kelly, her heart in tears because of young Tyrone Power, in "Jesse James" . . . and there is Nancy, at the Troc of a Saturday night, with young Edward Norris, her mother and father, light hearts keeping step to light love strains . . . and one is reminded how Sonja Henie is said to have wept for young Tyrone Power and how this seems to indicate, if not to prove, that sometimes love under the klieg lights and love under the moonlight becomes confused, woven of the same strands, illusion and reality, inseparable.

Yes, where does make-believe love end—and where does True Love begin? That is the question. Wherever it begins, wherever it ends, it is as endless as a chain . . . whether in make-up and read from a script, or with bright hair in disarray and only the moon to tell, certainly it is of love they speak, these girls, always and only of love and its ways and its snares and its delusions and its delights.

But let the girls speak for themselves, shall we?

Priscilla speaking: "Making love on the screen is, to me, just part of the day's work. . . ." (ah, Priscilla, have you so soon forgotten when it was not 'just part of the day's work' . . . have you forgotten how the lines you spoke from the script and the lines you spoke from your heart once ran to the same rhythm, ran, one into the other, were one and the same? but of course you have forgotten, for you are very young and Love Marches On: And now Wayne Morris is speaking the Language of Love to Bubbles Schinasi and you are speaking the Language of love to Oren Haglund.

"If I have to act heartbroken in a picture," Priscilla told me, "I don't have to be heartbroken, in order to do it effectively, do I? Oh, I may have to know what heartbreak is, how it feels, how it hurts . . . but I don't have to be heartbroken on that set, at that moment. Memory can conjure up reality, can't it? I don't have to feel romantic about a boy I'm playing a love scene with. Screen kisses are, well, when you kiss a boy on the screen you are thinking that you must 'time it', that you must break away in the nick of time so that, if it is his close-up, you won't throw a shadow on his face; if it is your close-up he won't throw a shadow on your face. In real love-scenes, you want shadows on your face . . . because your heart is too naked in your eyes. In reel love scenes the lines are written for you. I say 'I love you' to Wayne Morris; 'I adore you' to John Garfield; 'I want to kiss you' to Dick Powell or whoever it may be, and the lines have been written for me and I try to say them effectively . . . and do you know how I try to say them effectively? By thinking of the boy I am really in love with.

Said Rosemary: "it's real and yet it isn't—a love scene on the screen, I mean. You could fall in love with your leading man or with the star you are playing with. Of course you could—why not? It is, sometimes, more personal than just 'business'. For instance, I go out with Jeffrey Lynn and Ronnie Reagan, boys I have 'worked with' in pictures. Which means that it isn't all impersonal.

"And making love on the screen makes a girl very particular about love, I think. You see, we meet so many charming men. We say, so often, 'Oh, he is wonderful!' So that, in real life, a boy must be very wonderful to appeal to us.

"Jimmy Cagney says to me, 'I like your hair the way it is today—why don't you always wear it this way?' Well, that makes me realize that my hair done the way it is today is pleasing to Jimmy and so, may well be pleasing to other men. And I take the tip and wear my hair that way. Or Jimmy says to me, 'you never blink your eyes, do you? I don't know what he means and say 'I guess not—why?' 'Oh, nothing,' says Jimmy, in that diffident way of his, 'it's just that it's kind of cute to have your eyelashes shadow your cheeks now and then.'

"In 'Varsity Show' Dick Powell told me 'you're too skinny, Rosemary' . . . so men, I thought, do not like a too-slim slimness? So I put on five pounds and knew that he was right. When we were

making 'Four Daughters', John Garfield liked to hear me sing 'A Tisket, A Tasket.' He told me that a man loves to hear a woman sing 'around the house,' 'at home,' 'at twilight' . . . I had thought it might be silly for girls to play and sing for boys at home, that they cared only for records, nowadays, for the radio. John Garfield taught me otherwise . . . and so we learn, from men who are "knowing" about women, just what are the little things that make women—and love—lovelier."

"I think that we are well versed in the ways of love, we girls who are on the screen' says Andrea Leeds, "making love on the screen makes a girl clever with love . . . we learn to handle so many romantic situations in the parts we play . . . we have to handle them expertly, delicately and dramatically and, we hope, delightfully . . . even if it is only make-believe. We have to learn finesse as well as fervour. We know a lot more about love and love's subtle and intriguing ways than we could ever know if we were girls working in offices, meeting only the Boss or the associates of the Boss who probably run more to rotundity than to Romance."

Rosemary told me: I know that if my career should ever interfere with my marriage, I would say 'to heck with my career!'"

And so said Priscilla. And Jane Bryan. And Andrea Leeds. And Joy Hodges. And Olympe Bradna. And only Arleen, tilting her round and stubborn little chin said, "no, I would not give up my career for love, for marriage. I am thinking too much of my career. I am putting everything I have into it. I *love* it . . ." So that, even Arleen, in postponing love, spoke of love, used the talisman word . . .

They are so very young, these Yearlings of Hollywood's Fame and Favour and Fortune. They have not yet become bored with money, with autograph seekers, with fur coats and sporty cars, with press notices, flattery, gifts of gods and men . . . they are so young and so beautiful that the world is their Composite Lover, telling them so . . . the parts they play keep them forever thinking of love, or romance . . . they spend their days in the arms of make-believe lovers, but lovers, just the same, they are thrilling to the wonders of this new life . . . it is their business to be glamorous, and it must be their delight . . . their eyes must say 'come hither' in fun, in fancy and in fact. Does the love of make-believing satisfy them? *Or isn't it only make-believe?* Does the Amorous Archer sometimes penetrate the greasepaint with his hot mouth, sometimes investing the lines from a script with his living tongue?

" . . . it is real, and it isn't," says Rosemary . . .

" . . . when I make love scenes I am thinking of the boy I *really* love . . ." says Priscilla . . .

" . . . if I could have played a love scene with Clark Gable, *that* would have been real," says Marie Wilson . . .

and . . . "everywhere I look, there's love," said Rosemary.

That is the answer . . . Youth's answer . . . escaping, on fleet feet, before you can hold fast its hand . . . LOVE MARCHES ON!



OLIVIA DE HAVILAND

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IN "The Great Man Votes," little Virginia Weidler surprised us all, and now we know that Virginia will in a few years be a big star, glamour girl and box-office hit—pretty enough for a magazine cover, too.

* * *

TO CHANGE the subject:—Movies teach the world. Charles Chaplin, a long time ago as a waiter, heated the soup spoon for the man who said the soup was cold. In a restaurant the other day the waiter told us how he got even with a crabby customer. "He kicked about the cold coffee so I gave him the 'hot cup.' There is always a cup waiting on the stove."

* * *

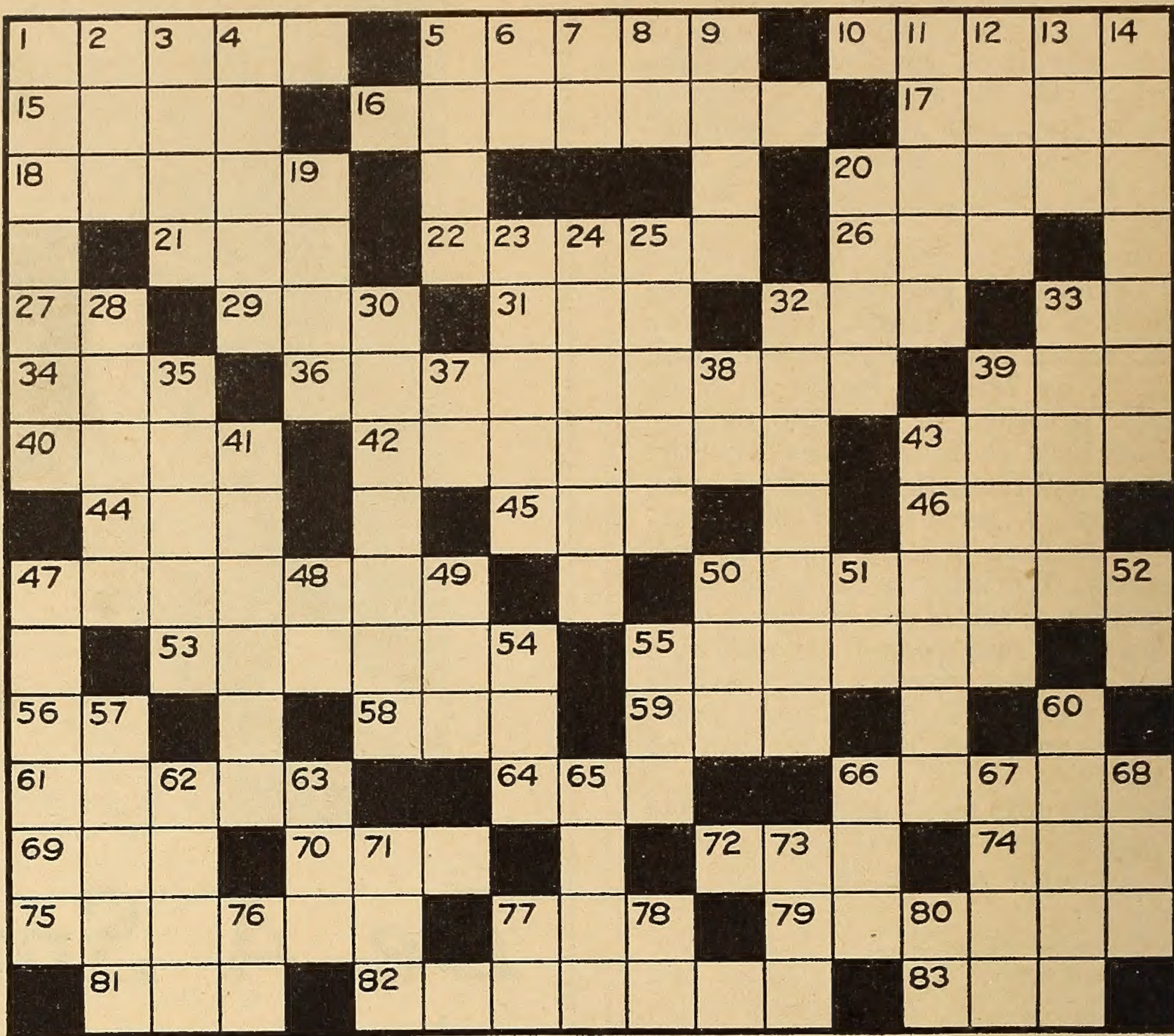
AN ENGLISH girl arrived to play "Scarlett" and hardly had she gone through the preliminaries of studio routine before the press and radio began a campaign to hurt her. She played in "A Yank at Oxford" and is neither an amateur nor a glamour girl. Just a nice girl trying to get along.

And now, how do you like the knockers in your country? The Land of Opportunity, where one gets ridiculed, criticized and condemned unheard. If Selznick sticks to Miss Leigh in spite of the malicious attacks he will deserve our support. Let us hope the little actress does not try to put into the character the opinion she must have of Americans.

Elmer Kean
EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

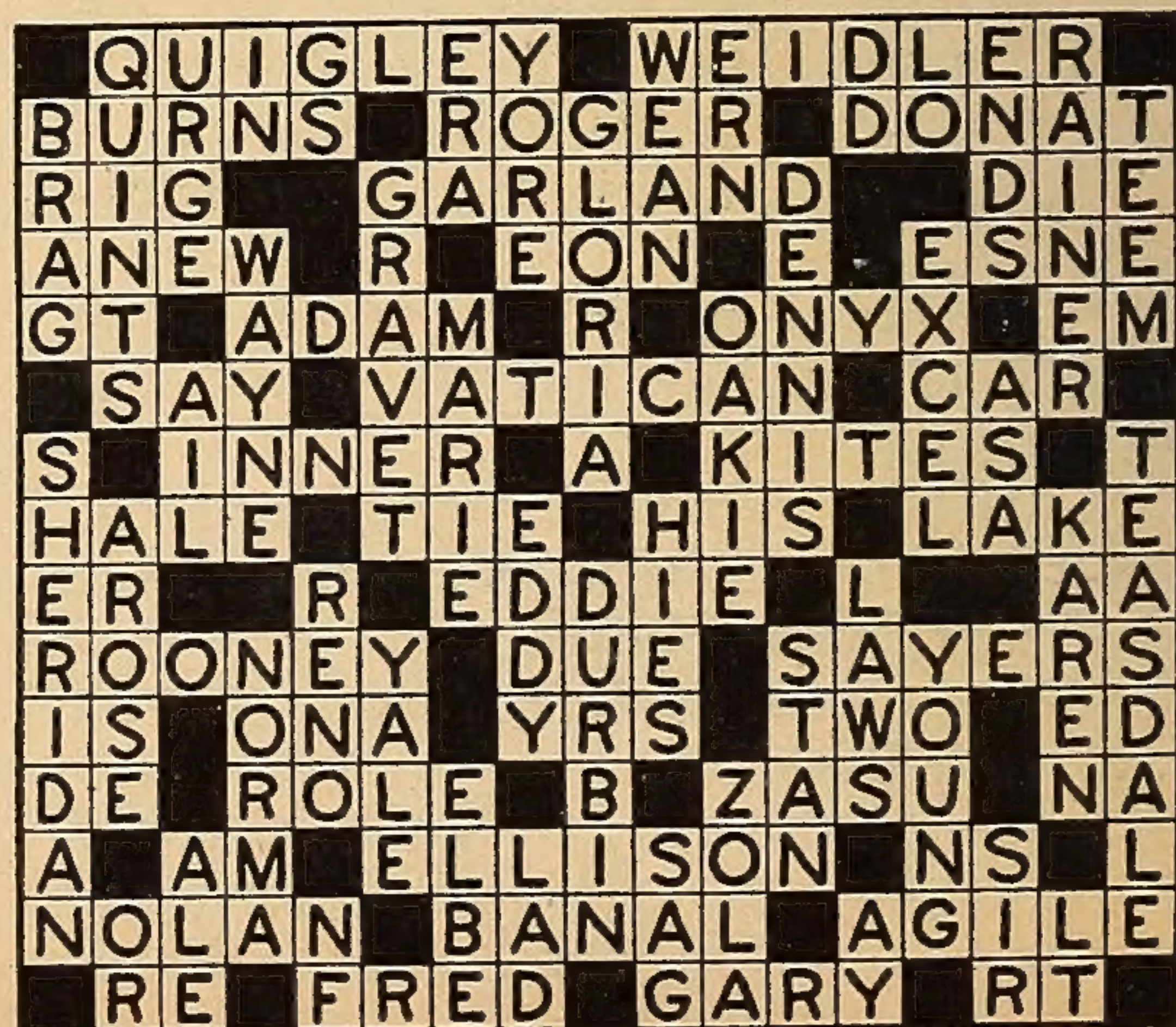
- 1 Director of "The Citadel"
- 5 Doctor in "The Citadel"
- 10 Impersonator of "Jesse James"
- 15 Melody
- 16 Janet Gaynor's devoted admirer in "The Young in Heart"
- 17 Actress with very expressive hands
- 18 Slender parts of bottles
- 20 Bottom surface of the foot (pl.)
- 21 Untanned skin of a calf
- 22 One of the maids in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
- 26 A high explosive
- 27 Biblical pronoun
- 29 Organ of hearing
- 31 Masculine name (abbr.)
- 32 So (Scot.)
- 33 Protestant Episcopal (abbr.)
- 34 Of the same family
- 36 "Blondie" herself
- 39 First name of a Hollywood producer
- 40 Prepare for publication
- 42 Her latest film is "Zaza"
- 43 Newspaper publisher in "Men With Wings"
- 44 The first woman
- 45 Immeasurable period of time
- 46 Beverage
- 47 Aging, grumpy uncle in "Kentucky"
- 50 Pretty fugitive in "Trade Winds"
- 53 Approached
- 55 Burlesque composition imitating some serious work
- 56 Degree (abbr.)
- 58 Mrs. Joel McCrea
- 59 Cagney's sweetheart in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
- 61 Attire
- 64 Aged
- 66 Country doctor in "A Man to Remember"
- 69 Hard-shelled fruit
- 70 Cereal grain
- 72 Priest in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
- 74 Entire
- 75 Fruit of the oak (pl.)
- 77 Piece out laboriously
- 79 A Warner Brothers star
- 81 Finish
- 82 Church turret
- 83 Rowing implement

DOWN

- 1 Director of "Sweethearts"
- 2 Anger
- 3 Gallant trooper in "Heart of the North"
- 4 The stooge in "Thanks for Everything"
- 5 Moist
- 6 Either
- 7 North Latitude (abbr.)
- 8 Because
- 9 He sings in "Thanks for Everything"
- 11 Form of oxygen
- 12 Producer of animated cartoons
- 13 Point of compass (abbr.)
- 14 Doctor's wife in "The Citadel"
- 19 Watering places

- 20 Man's name
- 23 Fishing-tackle
- 24 Bloodhound
- 25 A Dutch painter of tavern scenes
- 28 Large sea duck
- 30 In "Kentucky"
- 32 Secretary in "Trade Winds"
- 33 A tablet upon which artists mix their colors.
- 35 Happy-go-lucky pilot in "Dawn Patrol"
- 37 Denial
- 38 Trustee (abbr.)
- 39 Mr. Smith in "Thanks for Everything"
- 41 Doctrines
- 43 German-English composer
- 47 Charming maid in "Say It in French"
- 48 Our continent (abbr.)
- 49 By birth
- 50 To prohibit
- 51 A negative reply
- 52 Thursday (abbr.)
- 54 God (Latin)
- 55 Cushion
- 57 Co-star of "There's That Woman Again"
- 60 One who lays tiles
- 62 A short jacket
- 63 Offspring
- 65 Dagwood in "Blondie"
- 66 Letter of the Greek alphabet
- 67 An M-G-M starlet
- 68 Crafty
- 71 Dull, stupid fellow
- 73 Single unit
- 76 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 77 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
- 78 Star of "Honolulu" (initials)
- 80 Proceed

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



What does a Woman want most?



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COLBERT**

LOVE! says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."



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LEEDS**

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YOU want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use gentle Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

**9 out of 10
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